

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 27, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

ONE TOUGH COOKIE FOR ALI

Challenger Ken Norton



BROADCAST CONTROLLED COLOR TELEVISION IS HERE. IT'S CALLED VIR.

IT LETS THE TV BROADCASTER AUTOMATICALLY CONTROL THE COLOR AND TINT ON SELECTED NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC COLOR MODELS.

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General Electric's new Broadcast Controlled Color sets have a pilot light that indicates when the TV station is broadcasting the special VIR signal. (It's like the pilot light for stereo FM radio.) Your GE dealer can tell you the extent to which VIR is available in your area.

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performance
TELEVISION

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Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

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Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.6
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*2	*0.2
Carlton 70	*1	*0.1

(lowest of all brands)

*As per cigarette by FTC method

**Carlton
Menthol
1 mg. tar**



**Carlton
Filter
2 mg. tar**

No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Carlton 70's 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine as per cigarette by FTC method



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This is Delta's Wide-Body L-1011 TriStar, a \$21 million superjet. Cabins are almost 19 feet wide. All 256 seats are two-on-the aisle.

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A BASH IN THE WOODS was George V. Packard when he took part in the ancient and elaborate ritual of a hunt in Germany's Black Forest, which is enacted to the blare of horns and the whir of nosemakers.

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40,000 words, over 100 full-color
photographs, plus dozens of line
drawings, charts, diagrams

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LIFE
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Plant boxes set on casters can be arranged in a variety of ways to divide a long room or create an entrance hall where none exists.




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THE TIME-LIFE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING is the kind of practical, show-me series you've been looking for. Why not begin your horticultural adventure today with *Foliage House Plants*? Use the handy postpaid order card attached; or write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Time-Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

An illustration showing a cross-section of the soil. Three clumps of grass are visible at the surface. Below the surface, the roots of the grass are shown growing horizontally (sideways) rather than vertically. The soil is depicted in shades of brown, and the grass blades are green.

The earth has a clock all her own when she does things or doesn't. And one of the things she does is make grass grow differently in the fall than it does in the spring. No kidding. Your lawn gets thicker in the fall.

A little Turf Builder in early fall and your grass will grow sideways.

In the spring, everything reaches up for the sun and grass blades do too. They grow up and up. But with the warm days and cool nights of fall, this upward growth is slower and your grass actually grows more sideways and starts new grass growing beside itself. It does this by sending out tillers and rhizomes and these send down new grass roots. You couldn't pick a better time to put down some fertilizer.

So if you spend just a half an hour with a spreader and some Scott's Turf Builder, what you will get for it is a darker thicker lawn that doesn't take as much mowing as it did in the spring. And that isn't all you get for your half hour's work. You also get a knitting of

new roots to take the worst of winter, along with a storage of carbohydrates down in the ground that will get your turf started earlier than most other lawns next spring.

We make Turf Builder so that it lets its nitrogen out a little at a time to keep on feeding your roots for just about 8 weeks. (We have U.S. Patents on the way our Turf Builder is made.) And if you happen to have some weeds and dandelions you want to get rid of at the same time, we also have Turf Builder Plus 2. This gives you a weed control with fertilizer mixed in with it. More grass and good-bye dandelions with one pass of your spreader.

A little Turf Builder right now will keep your lawn full and healthy all through fall, and all it takes is about the same time as a trip to your local car wash and back. We do it ourselves and if you want to see our lawn, just stop by.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

WAR NEWS

When Chuck Noll, the Pittsburgh Steelers head coach, accused the Oakland Raiders of brutality above and beyond the call of duty in the Raiders' 31-28 win over the Steelers a couple of Sundays ago, he sounded a bit like a member of the high command of one belligerent army accusing the enemy of atrocities. As any combat infantryman can attest, instances of extreme brutality and cruelty occur on both sides in any war. The same thing can be said of football, particularly in the NFL (ask the Dallas Cowboys their opinion of the Steelers), where the rules of the game have been altered so much over the years that hand-to-hand combat—what word describes it better?—is an accepted and highly praised part of the action.

The phrase "makes the hat"—echoing the mobster's term for murder—is much in vogue. Impulsive contact, with the implied promise of caved-in ribs, gut, head, legs or whatever, is one of the most attractive features of the game, for some spectators. Listen to Howard Cosell bleat with ill-concealed excitement after a defensive lineman has coldcocked a quarterback, or a defensive back has all but destroyed a wide receiver. Brutal contact is one thing; pro football is selling, it's what Noll teaches his players to execute with vigor and efficiency, and if the Raiders exceeded the letter of pro football's strange law in beating the Steelers, Noll was only reaping the whirlwind.

SIMPLY SUPER

Joe Paterno, the Penn State football coach, says a so-called "Super Football Conference," an overall governing body for the top college teams in the country, is going to be a reality in the near future. The NCAA, which classifies football-playing colleges into three divisions, tried vainly this past year to split Division I into two groups, one consisting of the six or seven dozen schools that think of themselves as really big-time in foot-

ball, the other including those at a somewhat more modest level of competitive ambition. The plan collapsed when more and more of the presumably modest schools opted for Division I.

Nonetheless, says Paterno, the true Division I teams must be allowed to organize themselves. "There are about 75 or 76 schools that are trying to get together," he says. "I hope it can be done within the framework of the NCAA, but if not, it will happen outside that organization."

Paterno feels that right now the NCAA has far too many rules and regulations, many of them pointless, many of them unenforceable. "We've got a rule book that thick," he says, holding thumb and forefinger an inch and a half apart. "No one understands most of the rules, so they have to call the NCAA for an interpretation. They must have two or three guys at the NCAA office just to answer the phone and clarify rules."

"It isn't necessary. I think a new type of structure would do a better job—simplify the rules and have honest ones that we can enforce."

ROOT OF IT ALL

Basically, the super conference that Paterno is talking about is concerned with money, big-time football money. A press release from the Orange Bowl Committee, which is already talking up its Jan. 1, 1977 game, says the 11 bowls that climaxed college football last season paid the 22 teams involved for their conferences a total of \$9.8 million—an average of nearly half a million dollars each. And the Orange Bowl people claim that because of a renegotiated, highly lucrative TV contract, their game could pay the participating teams close to \$1 million each next winter.

That's a rather large pot. Obviously the men being dealt cards at football's big table don't want people they consider to be kibitzers making up the rules of the game.

HAT TRICK

Conservationists may protest the gesture, but Canadian fur interests scored a promotional coup during the Canada Cup hockey extravaganza (page 48) by giving fur hats to all the players on each team. The hats, which would retail at about \$150 each, were fashioned of different fur for each country. No one could say if there was a particular significance in the choice of fur, but it went this way: Canada, beaver; Czechoslovakia, raccoon; Finland, muskrat; Soviet Union, otter; Sweden, coyote; U.S.A., marten.

HEY, GETCHA COLD WINE

California, which has more people, more vineyards and more big-league baseball and football teams than any other state, has decided to parlay these elements. A state law, effective next year, permits the sale of wine by the glass at professional sporting events in stadiums with a capacity of 40,000 or more. While this means that folks watching the auto races

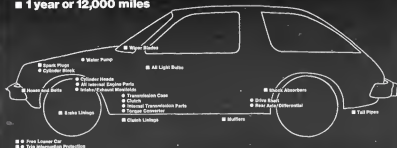


at Ontario Speedway can call for a nice dry Chablis as the cars zoom by, the new law is really aimed at football and baseball crowds. It was the brainchild of Bob Lurie, co-owner of the San Francisco Giants, who plies the press with wine at pregame meals. The bill was sponsored by San Francisco Assemblyman Willie Brown, locally famous for his classy lifestyle, and was pushed hard by Guild Wineries, one of the biggest of California wine makers. A Guild spokesman says, "We have nothing against beer at ball

continued

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FULL 2 YEARS OR 24,000 MILES					FULL 1 YEAR OR 12,000 MILES				
Parts fixed or replaced free					The following parts are covered against factory defects or failure due to wear for 1 year or 12,000 miles				
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Cylinder Block	YES	NO	NO	NO	Spark Plugs	YES	NO	NO	NO
Cylinder Heads	YES	NO	NO	NO	Shock Absorbers	YES	NO	YES	YES
All Internal Engine Parts	YES	NO	NO	NO	Brake Linings	YES	NO	NO	YES
Intake/Exhaust Manifolds	YES	NO	NO	NO	Clutch Linings	YES	NO	NO	YES
Water Pump	YES	NO	NO	NO	Wiper Blades	YES	NO	NO	NO
Drive Train Parts Covered					All Light Bulbs	YES	NO	YES	NO
Rear Axle/Differential	YES	NO	NO	NO	Hoses and Belts	YES	YES	NO	NO
Internal Transmission Parts	YES	NO	NO	NO	Mufflers	YES	NO	NO	YES
Transmission Case	YES	NO	NO	NO	Tail Pipes	YES	NO	NO	YES
Torque Converter	YES	NO	NO	NO	Services Provided Free				
Clutch	YES	NO	NO	NO	Free Loaner Car	YES	NO	NO	NO
Drive Shaft	YES	NO	NO	NO	Trip Interruption Program	YES	NO	NO	NO
Services Provided Free									
Free Loaner Car	YES	NO	NO	NO					
Trip Interruption Program	YES	NO	NO	NO					

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games. There are simply some people who don't lean toward it. We would like to provide an alternative."

Wine is the big alternative in the Golden State. Americans on backward, non-California parts of the country consume about 2.7 gallons of wine a year per adult. The average Californian knocks off more than 4½ gallons. Now he can quaff it at his stadium seat or at concession stands from elegant plastic cups.

About the only severe criticism of the legislation comes from people pained by the really terrific jokes that have arisen—a fan sending his wine back because it doesn't complement the hot dog and sauerkraut; a sommelier leaning uneasily toward a fan and murmuring, "I think you'll find this Cabernet Sauvignon an amusing little—wow, did you see that catch?"

THE PRODIGALS

Now that the professional track tour has been canceled, partly because some top athletes can earn richer prizes as amateurs (SCORECARD, Sept. 6), a somewhat sad and plaintive note is being sounded by the erstwhile stars of the professional circuit. They want their amateur standing back.

"We're up against the wall with pro track no longer operating," says John Smith, the world-record holder in the 440. "I have to look out for myself and I'm doing that by trying to get back into amateur track. We'll do anything the International Amateur Athletic Federation wants, including giving back the money we made as pros."

Burly, outspoken Brian Oldfield, the best shotputter in the world, says, "We'll probably have to get our hands spanked a little for being naughty—that is, financially. We'll have to find a way to pay back the money we made. I'll need a sponsor to pay back my money."

The athletes sought out Frank Shorter, the marathon runner, for legal advice. Shorter suggested that they ask the AAU to present their case to the IAAF at its meeting in Holland in November. "This is all still in the talking stage," Shorter says. "We'll try to be as delicate and self-effacing as possible. I've talked to the AAU, and it has not been a terribly antagonistic situation. If everybody stays calm, I think everything will work out."

Ollan Cassell, executive director of the AAU, has made no firm comment, but re-

ports are that he is sympathetic to the plight of the professionals.

"We're athletes," says Smith. "If we can't compete, we're at a loss. I hope the IAAF has the heart to let us back in."

PLAIN TALK

As a rule, baseball managers are good at obfuscating when they are asked a tough question by the working press. Not exactly lying, you understand, but double-talking a little, shifting emphasis, changing the subject, doing anything to avoid a direct answer.

Not so Paul Richards, the leathery old manager Bill Veeck dragged out of retirement last winter to run the Chicago White Sox. Richards has not had too much success in the won-lost column this season, but his candor has been delightful. In a recent game against the Kansas City Royals, when Chicago Outfielder Ralph Garr tried to score from first base on a double and was thrown out by a mile at home plate, a difference of opinion arose between Garr and Third Base Coach Jim Busby. "I was holding him up," said Busby, meaning he had signaled Garr to stop at third. "He was sending me." Garr protested. When reporters asked Richards about the play, the manager disdained the usual gambit of covering for both coach and player, and said calmly, "Looked to me as though Busby was sending him. It was a flat mistake. Garr didn't have a chance."

In that same game, Richards started a rookie pitcher named Larry Monroe, a local boy who had 20 relatives and friends watching his debut as a starter. Monroe pitched well enough, giving up a run on a George Brett triple in the first inning but settling down in the second. Then Richards, who had started the young right-hander as a ploy to get the Royals to load their lineup with left-handed batters, abruptly took the highly touted rookie out of the game and replaced him with a lefty. Later, the reporters asked about this surprising move. "I just didn't want to send him back out there again," Richards explained. "Brett and John Mayberry might have killed him the second time around."

BREAKER! BREAKER!

You got your ears on. CBers? According to Donald L. Lucas, who is director of the Institute for Telecommunications Sciences, people with CB radios have about two years of fun left before things

began to go haywire. Beginning in 1978, says Lucas, long-range interference from increased solar activity—commonly referred to as sunspots—will render CB radios "nearly useless for their intended purposes," and the difficulty could last five or six years. He says the solar activity will cause CB signals to ricochet back to earth many miles from their source. "You can imagine," he says, "the mess caused by 20 million signals bouncing around the country at random."

But don't fret, Old Buddy, things may not become as statically and confused as Lucas predicts. The sun's interference with electronic communication recurs in 11-year cycles, which means that veteran CBers have been through it before—and, they claim, with only minor or sporadic difficulty. Eugene Parker, an astrophysicist at the University of Chicago, says predictions of a wipeout are greatly exaggerated. "Worrying about sunspots is like worrying about a full moon," he declares. "CBers will get through this next spurge with no trouble at all."

The \$1-billion CB industry, which is waiting to cash in like never before when the new 40-channel sets (up from the current 23-channel models) become available after Jan. 1, is understandably nervous about pessimistic talk that could hurt sales. The industry insists that the added channels and "new technology" will help beat the sunspots, and that even if your CB range is cut in half during peak interference, you'll still be able to modulate with most of your trucker friends.

COFFEE, TEA OR SWEAT

Passengers on Lufthansa 747 and DC-10 flights are now able to tune headsets to a bilingual (English-German) channel and, without leaving their seats, take part in a 30-minute program of isometric exercise set to music.

Olympic Airways introduced dancing in the aisles. Lufthansa offers sweating in place.

THEY SAID IT

• Dick Vermeil, new coach of the Philadelphia Eagles, when asked what worried him most about his team: "My coaching."

• Bum Phillips, Houston Oilers coach, after passing a physical exam: "If I drop dead tomorrow, at least I'll know I died in good health."

END

Introducing Fact.

The low gas, low 'tar.'

You might not know it, but cigarette smoke is mostly gas—many different kinds. Not just 'tar' and nicotine.

And despite what we tobacco people think, some critics of smoking say it's just as important to cut down on some of the gases as it is to lower 'tar' and nicotine.

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Fact is the first cigarette with the revolutionary Purite™ filter. And Fact reduces gas concentrations while it reduces 'tar' and nicotine.

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Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 27, 1976

OUT TO MAKE



THREE PEOPLE HAPPY



That may be all Rod Gerald tried to do against Penn State but he certainly made millions of Buckeye fans ecstatic

by Douglas S. Looney

Mothers are like football coaches. Both spend a lot of time saying the obvious. Coaches spend whole careers telling athletes to "keep your eyes on the ball" and "be alert" and to quit nursing minor injuries by lounging in the whirlpool because "you can't help the club in the tub." Mothers spend whole careers telling their children, "Do your homework, make sure you behave and get home early." Mothers and coaches also fib, of course. Coaches say, "If you work hard, you'll be a winner", mothers say, "This Merthiolate won't sting."

Our pick as Sports Mother of the Week is Clarice Gerald, mother of Ohio State Quarterback Rod Gerald. True, she has always told Rod to mind his studies, his manners and his hours. And he has, pretty much, if your definition of compliance is broad enough. But along with the obvious instructions, she has over the years urged on him more significant advice: "If you make three people happy, one of them is bound to be you."

Last Saturday, Gerald made three, yes, more likely three million, people happy—and he was one of them. For the 19-year-old from Dallas was instrumental in giving Ohio State a hectic 12-7 win over a good, young Penn State team.

continued

Gerald engineered two touchdown drives and scored once himself in OSU's 12-7 victory, while Ray Goffin intercepted in the end zone



It was not all that obvious during the generally misty and foggy day in University Park that visiting Ohio State would be able to win; it was not especially obvious how well Gerald was playing, it wasn't obvious what the classic struggle meant to two coaching titans of collegiate football, Penn State's calm, candid and outgoing Joe Paterno and OSU's irascible, erratic and devious Woody Hayes.

Later it all became clearer, and the implications for the season are, well, obvious. It's certainly no fib that Ohio State showed it is a certified powerhouse that should flick off Missouri Saturday while thinking ahead to the Revenge Bowl it will host Oct. 2 when UCLA comes to Columbus. UCLA was the team that made Woody so mad he wouldn't even talk about it after the Bruins harassed and ultimately humiliated Ohio State in the Rose Bowl. Assuming Woody gets even with UCLA, the Buckeyes should rip through six Big Ten opponents, each of whom can be identified by tears they already are blinking back. Then, come Nov. 20, the Bucks will host Michigan in what may be the shootout for the national championship, if it doesn't rain on Michigan's parade. All of which is heady stuff for Ohio State, which feared it might be slightly off stride this year because it lost eight starters on offense, including Heisman winner Archie Griffin.

Forget it. The new guy on the block, Rod Gerald, and his offensive buddies went to the high pressure well at Penn State, drank deeply and didn't splutter or burp. The Bucks are beautiful. While Gerald didn't set off sparks, he did play his first complete college football game without fumbling or being intercepted (he completed one of three passes), scored one touchdown, participated in the other, recovered somebody else's fumble, read the defenses adequately and earned what passes for high praise from Hayes: "I think he did a pretty good job." Says Gerald, "It's a big inspiration to go into that huddle and see everybody grinning their teeth."

Gerald, heir to the job held by Cornelius Greene, is figured to be on his way to superstardom. Offensive Backfield Coach George Chuamp says frail-looking Gerald is quicker and faster than frail-looking Greene was as a sophomore. Says Gerald, "I want to try to stay humble. That's the only way you can receive God's blessings." The son of a Baptist

preacher, Rod says his favorite Bible verse is the 23rd Psalm, although when he was sacked for a couple of big first-half losses, he could have wondered about the line that says, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." A change of shoes at halftime helped keep the sophomore upright the rest of the contest.

Rod isn't short for Rodney. His name is Roderic. But nobody has ever called him that. Folks back home who watched him strut his stuff Saturday on the tube know him as "Crow," because, as his mother explains, "Crows get into everything." And despite his emerging national fame, Crow misses the nest. A few days before the Penn State game, he wrote a four-page letter detailing how much he misses his three sisters, three brothers and his parents. His mother misses him, as a memento, she keeps a 10-pound ice pack in the freezer that Rod used in high school to soothe various bumps.

Gerald likely could use the old ice bag this week. The Penn State game was highly reminiscent of last year's struggle, won 17-9 by OSU. The Nittany Lions could have won that one—and this one, too. Indeed, they should have. So how is it that Ohio State got the job done? "You have to understand," says OSU defensive coordinator George Hill, "that all our preparation is to get ready." Which explains everything.

Before the contest, which drew Penn State's largest crowd ever (62,503) to a stadium that is to be enlarged by 16,000 seats at a cost of \$4 million by 1978, Paterno was chatting with a few friends. "Our No. 1 concern," he said, getting ready to list two, "is whether we'll be strong enough and quick enough." And a third candidate for No. 1 concern was the lacking game. In the 15-12 opening-game win over Stanford, Matt Bahr missed two field goals and a PAT, but he made one three-pointer, and Paterno said, "How can you be critical of a guy who lost the game?"

Last Saturday's first half belonged to Penn State although close observers noted that Ohio State led 6-0 at the break. The score was misleading. As advertised, the Lions' quarterback, John Andress, came out throwing, throwing, throwing. All week OSU had been hiding smirks because against Stanford, Andress had connected on only four of 18. And even Penn State insiders admitted privately to

doubts that Andress could get the ball to any of a bevy of fleet receivers. Further, everyone knew that running at the Bucks' defense would cause the Penn State offense to self-destruct.

Midway through the first quarter the Lions, thanks to two completed passes, were at the Buckeyes' 26 with a fourth and inches. The try for inches failed, fringing away Great Scoring Chance No. 1.

Early in the second quarter OSU's Herman Jones put a firm tackle on Penn State's Gary Petercusk. Unfortunately, Petercusk was trying to catch a Tom Skladany punt at the time, and Jones' effort caused a 15-yard penalty, giving the Lions the ball on the Ohio State 35. Andress, blessed with little natural ability and a passing arm even less distinguished, zinged one 18 yards to Mickey Shuler. Four plays later Penn State had a second and goal on the six when an Andress pass was intercepted by Ray Griffin, Archie's brother, in the end zone. What had Paterno just said to Andress? The obvious, of course, "John, be careful." So long, Great Scoring Chance No. 2.

Whereupon, Ohio State went directly to the other end of the field, thanks mostly to a 48-yard run by a blur later identified as Jeff Logan, who had scored three times the previous Saturday against Michigan State. Fullback Pete Johnson, idle up to now, carried four times in a row for 14 yards—the same Pete Johnson who showed up late at picture day a few weeks ago after Woody had everywhere positioned. An irate Hayes rewarded 1975's leading scorer in the nation by kicking his backside as all the others tried to maintain their photo faces.

After Johnson's fourth carry, Gerald ran in on an option from eight yards out, his third TD in two games.

Andress then completed four of five passes, and once again it was first and goal on the five. Two plays later Steve George fumbled a pithcoat, and OSU's ever-alert Bob Brudzinski ("I've never had a Polish kid," says Woody, "who didn't try like the devil") fell on it. So long, Great Scoring Chance No. 3. Joe Paterno was then heard to mutter his favorite phrase, "Aw, nuts." He really says that.

All that happened in the third quarter was typical Ohio State—three yards and a cloud of doubts. For better than eight minutes straight and for nearly 13 of the 15 minutes in the quarter, the Bucks had

the ball. But failed to score. Penn State got the ball for a few moments, didn't harm it, and OSU got it right back early in the fourth quarter. Gerald moved the team to the Penn State eight, and on a fourth and one everyone settled back to watch Mr. Automatic, Sladany, wrap up the game with a field goal. Nope. Woody, that old fox, sent Bob Hyatt running in with the play. Hyatt is a reserve wing-back who is so highly regarded that his picture doesn't appear in the OSU press guide. Seconds later he took a pitchout from Gerald and went eight yards for the score. Gerald's two-point conversion run failed. Hyatt's entrance into the game was so surprising that when OSU Offensive Guard Jim Savoca later heard something about giving a game ball to Hyatt, he exclaimed, "Hyatt? What did he do?" What was it that made Woody act like a riverboat gambler? "We thought we could score," he said, explaining everything.

With about 10 minutes to play and the score 12-0, the Penn Staters weren't dead but their skin was taking on a pallor. The ball was on the OSU 43 when Paterno put in second-team Quarterback Chuck Fusina. He took the snap, dropped back and lofted a picture pass into the hands of Tom Donovan in the end zone. Who dropped it. "Aw, nuts," screamed Paterno. Receiver Coach Booker Brooks was especially aggrieved since he has instituted the concept of having all his receivers carry a football with them all through every practice, in the hope that if the object shows up in a game they will recognize it. Anyway, so long. Great Scoring Chance No. 4.

Fusina tried once more, futilely, before Andress came back in. He immediately salvaged a fourth-and-10, and with some classy running and cut catching by Rich Milot the ball got to the one, where freshman gem Matt Suhey carried it across. But time was on the wane and Andress was intercepted by Kelton Dangler on the OSU 45 on Penn State's next try. It was a sad ending for an otherwise superb day for Andress—16 of 29 passes completed for 178 yards. Paterno had predicted that a passing attack of 150 yards and one big play would win the day; there was no big play.

But if all the evidence supports the theory that Penn State had its chances, the facts are Ohio State had the poise and the ability to save its hide. And much of that credit goes to Woody, whose public-



John Andress hit on 16 of 29 passes, yet Penn State's only touchdown was a Matt Suhey (32) run

relations stance may be somewhat askew but whose won-lost record makes everything O.K. Hayes' logic isn't always straight up, either. The other day, for example, he was defending his closed practices before the Michigan State game by saying, "Any team that doesn't close practice before its first game is plumb crazy." Nobody at Ohio State could recall the last time Hayes made his practices secret before the first game.

Defensive Line Coach Alex Gibbs told a Columbus booster club, after delivering an impassioned oration on Woody's genius, that his boss "stands up for what he believes." Pause. "Of course, he stands a few times when he should sit." But Hayes is brilliant in his fashion. A reporter can set out to discuss football with him and all of a sudden find himself in a discussion about Gestalt theory, recognizing aircraft in World War II and smoke screens.

About 7 a.m. on the day of the Penn State game, Hayes was preparing to take a walk and was musing that "you can really only get a team emotionally high for two or three games a year." And he was talking of Gerald. "We think we have made him relatively mistake proof," he said. "Ohio State quarterbacks don't make mistakes, you know." Which

turned out to be generally true. Gerald's only real goof came at the end of the game when officials said he used a short-hand version when he wanted to discuss barnyard manure. The penalty for the brevity was 15 yards.

Woody's morning talk veered to movies. The team had seen *The Longest Yard* the night before the game; Woody gave it low marks because flicks with the Woody Seal of Approval must not arouse, startle, disturb or have violence or comedy. "Horrid," he said. "I sat there and saw those pretty little coeds listening to stuff like that. We older people have torn these kids apart."

As a recruiter, Hayes is a master, of course, like Paterno and Bear Bryant; as a coach, he pays no attention to the defense, deals only with the offense and, at that, offensive coordinator Ralph Staub sends in most of the plays. But is Woody in charge as he strides through his 26th season at Ohio State? Oh, my, yes. The Buckeyes don't rebuild, they reload. Which sets them apart from most other mortals.

And after he refused to talk to the assembled press following two games in a row, why the conversation this week, Woody? "Because you're such fine fellows." Obviously.

END

AT LEAST HE LEAVES LOSERS PROUD

That they can run in front of Forego for a few furlongs, if rarely be there at the finish, seems accomplishment enough to many rivals, and that is what they had to settle for as the mighty gelding romped home in the Woodward **by William Leggett**

Bill Shoemaker sat on a bench in the jockeys' room at New York's Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon after riding Forego to victory in the \$173,200 Woodward Handicap. Splashes of dirt still clung to his face as he pulled off the yellow-and-black silks of Lazy F Ranch. The Woodward was the 680th stakes win of Shoemaker's career and the 115th in races worth \$100,000 or more. To put Shoemaker's experience and excellence in perspective, he has ridden the winners of more \$100,000 races than 90% of the world's jockeys ever even see. "Forego is as good a horse as any I have ridden," he said, measuring his words in his characteristic way. "It amazes me that he can carry as much weight as he did today [135

pounds] and still accelerate. It takes him a while to get his act together, but when he does, he is magnificent."

Forego has won 20 stakes, nine of them while carrying 130 or more pounds. He is a grand warrior, now six, a gelding who slugs it out race after bitter race on one sound leg. His consistency (42 times in the money in 47 starts) is awesome and very soon, assuming that he can still stand, he will become the first horse ever to earn \$2 million. By capturing his third straight Woodward, Forego took over fourth place from Buckpasser on the all-time money-winning list with \$1,484,997. Kelso's record of \$1,997,896 remains several furlongs up the track, but if the Woodward is any indication

it is now well within Forego's reach.

The 32,440 who watched the stake saw Forego's finest effort. As the field of 10 swept toward the stretch, Forego pulled wide to make his move, but it appeared that he was doomed. In front of him were three 3-year-olds—Honest Pleasure, Soy Numero Uno and Dance Spell—horses that collectively had been off the board only four times in 45 starts. Forego was giving the trio a total of 57 pounds. Just behind Forego was the improving stretch-runner Saumping, who was receiving 29 pounds.

It seemed Forego's rush was too wide and too late, and he surely was carrying too much weight. He had come out of the gate last and had advanced only to sev-

At the head of the stretch Forego, toting 135 pounds, appeared hopelessly outdistanced, but he swung wide, lengthened his stride and surged by the field



enth after a quarter of a mile of the 1 1/4-mile race. He had dawdled so long that Shoemaker wondered if he were going to run at all. Shoe had never ridden Forego before but had watched him compete several times on television and in films. "Each time, I had admired him because of his guts," he said. "I knew he wasn't the easiest horse to ride and had heard he had some physical problems."

A jockey does not ride as many winners as Shoe (7,133) or keep a career going as long (28 years) by operating simply on hearsay. Thus, when he arrived at Belmont Saturday from the West Coast, Shoemaker jumped on a scale to check his weight. The needle steadied at 95 pounds. "I borrowed the heaviest saddle I could find, and with all my tack my weight only went up to 106 pounds," he said. "That meant I'd have to carry 29 pounds of lead, and when you move a horse with that much dead weight you want the move to be smooth and continuous. You don't really have time for a mistake, and if you make one, it is unfair to the horse. Particularly a horse like Forego."

Shoemaker went to the stewards' stand and asked permission to see films of Forego's 1976 races. Watching the reruns, he decided he would move at the top of the stretch, swinging wide while doing so. And that is precisely how he handled the enormous (17 hands) champion. It was as if Shoemaker were putting on a ride for future generations of apprentices to study, marvel at and absorb.

The crowd saw Forego's move begin. Shoemaker's ringed cap appearing outside the pock, and there was thunderous cheering. Ruben Hernandez, the rider of Dance Spell, had pushed ahead of Honest Pleasure, the pacesetter, and at that point believed he would be the victor. "Then, out of the corner of my eye I picked up a big blur," Hernandez said. "Then the blur went by my head 'Jeez,' I said, 'it's all over for me.'"

Forego eased to the wire, winning by a length and a quarter in 1:45 1/5, only two-fifths of a second slower than Secretariat's track record set in 1973 under 124 pounds.

For years the Woodward was the finest weight-for-age race in the U.S., a classic that often decided the Horse of the Year championship, but this season the

New York Racing Association changed it to a handicap and shortened the race that had been a severely testing 1 1/2 miles. The NYRA has billed its fall Belmont season as "The Meeting of Champions," not unreasonably, because in eight weeks 18 races worth \$50,000 or more will be run. But traditional events have been meddled with, probably to hype interest and aid publicity. Not only was the Woodward changed, but the \$250,000 Marlboro Cup, previously an invitational, was marred by being opened to all comers. And, horror of horrors, the Jockey Club Gold Cup was cut back from two miles to 1 1/4 after 55 years, because, the NYRA said, the distance was "unrealistic." It did not seem unrealistic to some of the horses that won it: Gallant Fox, Twenty Grand, War Admiral, Whirlaway, Citation, High Gun, Nashua (twice), Gallant Man, Sword Dancer, Buckpasser, Damascus and Kelso (five times in a row).

The next steps to a third straight Horse of the Year title for Forego will be the Marlboro on Oct. 2 and the Jockey Club on Oct. 23. Or will they? Immediately following the Woodward, Trainer Frank Whiteley Jr. said that Forego would not run with more than 135 pounds on his back. Was he just challenging the racing secretary, as all good trainers do, hoping to protect his horse from carrying the impossible? Whiteley denied he was daring anyone, but then restated his position. "He will run in the Marlboro Cup unless he gets more than 135 pounds." Certainly Forego's Woodward was good enough to demand that the racing secretary put more weight on him in his next start or leave him at 135 and drop the weights of his competition. (Forego has tried to lug 136 pounds twice and lost both times.)

Throughout his career Forego's owner, Mrs. Martha Gerry, has exhibited fine sportsmanship. She knows that weight "ceilings" carry a definite stigma. Furthermore, it is Kelso's money record that Forego is going after, and Kelso twice carried 136 pounds and won.

But Whiteley quite rightly worries about his horse's soundness. Before last year's Jockey Club Gold Cup, Forego's left foreleg swelled and he was withdrawn from competition for the season. His trainer at the time, Sherrill Ward, is a pa-



Shoe is a wee old hand with a wee old horse

tient man who felt that Forego could come back in 1976 and be an even better horse. But Ward fell ill and was not able to oversee the horse's recuperation. Forego was fortunate enough to be sent to the equally patient Whiteley, who now bandages the gelding's legs heavily on race days. This apparently helps. During past seasons Forego's ankles have flared, and he has had splint and suspensory problems.

If anything, his ailments just seem to attract admirers to the Forego cult, which is growing with each race, as Kelso's cult once did. Both are geldings who endured, who stayed around to be tested by weight and distance while the Secretariats retired to be tested as studs. On Woodward Day the Belmont crowd saluted Forego as never before. Craig Perret, the rider of Honest Pleasure, who ran well to finish in a dead heat for third with Stumping, four lengths behind Forego, best expressed the sentiment of the jockeys left up the track. "My horse gave everything he had," Perret said. "When that Old Man beats you there is nothing you can do about it. You just feel proud that you took your shot at him. He's been doing this for a long time now. Winning is his game." And nobody plays any game better.

END

THE \$2.5 MILLION MAN



Lured from retirement by Owner Ralph Wilson's greenbacks, O. J. Simpson rushed off to Buffalo. Unfortunately, he left his football legs in Hollywood and gained a total of only 66 yards as the Bills lost their first two games by **ROBERT F. JONES**

For years, football players and fans alike have debated the worth of the so-called preseason. Long and arduous, often fraught with costly injuries to valuable players, and lately drawing fewer and fewer customers, the preseason has been called an anachronistic waste. Well, if ever it was to be debunked once and for all, last week in Buffalo seemed a likely time and place. O. J. Simpson, pro football's prodigal son, was back in the Bills' backfield with absolutely zero preseason games under his belt. If anyone could prove the fatuity of exhibitions, the Juice would be the boy.

Final score: O.J. 0, Preseason 2.

That, too, was the Buffalo Bills' record after their first two games. Following a Monday night loss to the Miami Dolphins, the Bills and the Juice turned right around and blew one to the Houston Oilers, 13-3, last Sunday afternoon. The potent Buffalo offense, built around Simpson, led the league last season, but a tough Oiler defense, spearheaded by Curley Culp and Robert Brazile, held the Bills to a paltry 89 yards on the ground and Buffalo Quarterbacks Joe Ferguson and Gary Marangi could add only 79 through the air. But the great breakdown was the Juice himself. In the first quarter he gained 34 yards; then he began to run backward and ended the game with only 38 yards in 16 cracks.

"I don't feel good, just listless," he said later. "My legs are hollow. On that 18-yard gain in the first quarter, I ordinarily would have broken outside, but I didn't have the spring. I've always felt I need 10 days to two weeks to get in

shape, but I've only had three days of good work."

No tears. At least O.J. was back where he belongs, playing football rather than Hollywood celebrity.

Always one for cutting close corners, Simpson didn't arrive in Buffalo until early evening of the season's opening day. Some 500 fans were on hand at the airport to greet him. With O.J. on the flight from California was comedian Rich Little, the man of myriad voices, who summed up the prevailing mood of many Buffalo fans with a nasal Cosellian quip. "Yes," intoned Little, "this is the Juice whose greatness is equaled only by his lack of taste. He has succumbed to the almighty buck once again."

Simpson laughed along with the crowd, then went off to his first practice with his "Main Man," Guard Reggie McKenzie, who picked him up at the airport in a Mercedes-Benz. But for all the giggles, there was indeed a bitter undertone to the joy surrounding the prodigal's return. O.J.'s desire to play out his career in Los Angeles, or at least somewhere in his home state of California, struck many fans—an Buffalo and elsewhere—as ingratitude bordering on high-handedness. After all, he had loped to greatness behind an offensive line hand-tailored at great expense by Owner Ralph Wilson, and Buffalo fans had responded in the best way they knew how—by buying tickets. They filled Buf-

Coach Lou Saban gave Simpson an eyeball-to-eyeball refresher course on the Buffalo playbook



falo's spanking new \$22-million, 80,020-seat Rich Stadium with roasting regularity. For the past three seasons the Bills led the league in attendance, and they grossed some \$10 million in 1975. But this year, in the wake of Simpson's attempted bug-out, season-ticket sales slumped by 10,000, and five days before the Monday night opener against Miami 26,600 seats remained unsold. Once O.J. was in the fold, all but 2,000 were filled for the Dolphin game.

All summer long the negotiations for Simpson's contract had ground along, punctuated with acrimony and supposition. Simpson maintained that he wanted to play in Los Angeles in order to be with his family. His wife Marquette, exercising a liberally interpreted, refused to budge from Southern California. After all, she was enrolled (under an assumed name) in a college in the San Fernando Valley, studying what O.J. calls "art and other women's stuff." The Simpson children, Arnelle, 9, and Jason, 6½, were also in school, and Ms Simpson felt it would be bad to transplant them to the frosty latitudes of western New York State. And, of course, O.J. always wanted to play in Louisiana, where he had first won fame as a collegian, where the fans (and the movie bugles) love him and the sun always shines. "What's wrong with that?" he asked again and again. "It's only human."

Yes, but the Juice is immortal, and immortals are kind of hard to trade, as Wilson discovered. After failing to make deals with Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland, Wilson called Simpson in California to tell him he was coming out to talk. Simpson tried to convince Wilson that his trip would be wasted, but the owner came anyway. After hours of head-to-head conversation with Marquette listening in, the deal was struck: the Juice would return to Buffalo for three years and \$2,500,000. Or so the hottest financial rumors ran. Neither Wilson nor Simpson would confirm the price tag. Johnny Carson had his own guess—O.J. was getting half a million to play and the other \$2 million to live in Buffalo.

Whatever the price, it set off waves of resentment in blue-collar Buffalo, and a few tremors within the team itself. Fullback Jim Braxton, a superb blocker who blasted many of O.J.'s holes, confronted Wilson on the field the night of Simpson's return and asked that his own con-

tract be renegotiated. No way. Braxton stomped off in dejection, but a greater disappointment awaited him. On the third play of the Miami game, Braxton tore ligaments in his right knee and was out for the season. "Bobby's the best blocking fullback I've ever seen," lamented Simpson after the game, which the Bills lost 30-21. "Now we'll have to adjust our offense, using less power plays and more swing passes, more trap plays and more counters."

For a man who hadn't carried a football in anger for nine months, O.J. played well enough in his first outing. Coach Lou Saban avoided overworking him, the Juice ran five times for 28 yards, and in the last quarter he caught a short pass over the middle from Quarterback Joe Ferguson for 43 more. For one run he was the old O.J.—cutting, changing his pace, reversing his field and breaking two tackles, and he had the crowd on its feet—putting the lie to those surly signs that read "Miami needs the oranges but Buffalo don't need the Juice."

"I should have been able to get away from that last guy," O.J. said, "but I was tired. I didn't have the overdrive."

All through the week he worked to find it, trying to regain his timing and to remember the Bills' plays (on his first play against Miami he lined up wrong and drew a mixture of boos and laughs from the crowd). Saban, who had been chilly and standoffish at first, relented and once again warmed to O.J.'s presence. And then there were the minor, nagging de-

tails of setting up house once again in Buffalo.

"Show you how California-smart I am," Simpson said, laughing. "I shut off the heat in my house here when I went west last winter. I was tired of getting heating bills, and I didn't know pipes could freeze. So one of them popped upstairs and the whole ceiling fell down." The house, which is owned by the Bills, was quickly repaired, but the problem of a suitable Juncian decor remained. "I gave my house plants to Reggie's wife," O.J. said, "and now she's holding them for ransom. She wants a new washer and dryer before she'll give 'em back. Those plants—I need 'em. I call 'em 'my kids.' I gotta have the house looking like an African jungle."

During the week, O.J. and McKenzie went to Simpson's favorite plant shop where the great man checked out prices. "What I really want," he joshed the grinning salesgirls, "is an African spider-eatin' Aurelia, but you haven't got any. I want clean plants and all you got is dirty ones. I gotta get my kids back!"

Later, over lunch at The Creekside Inn in suburban Williamsville, O.J. said, "It's good to be back. Toward the end there, I was getting real edgy, hard to live with. I was running a lot in Balboa Park to keep in shape, and playing some tennis for my legs, but I was getting mean. Marquette knew it, too. But now it's all settled. I'm back and I'm happy."

Last Sunday afternoon against Houston, though, O.J. did not run for joy. **AND**

His wealth notwithstanding, plant-lover O.J. was unable to buy an "African spider eating Aurelia."





In his second fight with Ali, Norton started slowly, caught Ali in the middle weight (above), then did nothing toward the end and ultimately lost by his going.

ALL SET TO SLAM IN THE RUBBER MATCH

Norton broke Ali's jaw in winning their first fight, blew his chances by making a bad guess in the second. Still, the author picks Ali inside seven **by Mark Kram**

There are fights, there are big fights and then there are those special moments in the ring when there is much promise in the air, when something dramatic and chillingly memorable is about to imprint itself on our minds. The Muhammad Ali-Ken Norton title fight is not one of those moments. This may be a risky assumption, doubly so when you add that Ali will stop Norton inside seven

rounds in Yankee Stadium next week in the first heavyweight bout to be held outdoors in New York in 17 years. On paper, it rates the venue. But after you blow away all the hype, the screwy logic and the urgent anticipation of Ali's haters who breathe heavily whenever he is faced by anyone who, anatomically, is in one huge, beautiful piece, only this remains, curiosity.

The fight lacks the stuff of true theater. There is no Floyd Patterson wounded and lost, seeking redemption against the unsouful and malevolent Sonny Liston. There is no Cassius Clay, hysterical on the eve of the first Liston fight in Miami Beach. This is not the Frazier-Ali series, with all its coiling virulence, bitter feelings and political and sociological undertones. No, this is merely an oldtime big fight, the kind that occurred often when the fight world was free of words like psyching and TV satellites and was genuinely shocked if a fighter did more than grunt.

Such a fight calls for a certain ritual: a long dinner, verbal excursions into boxiana and a good slow-burning cigar. The procedure reassures one of his civility before so primitive a rite as a heavyweight title fight. "Ordinarily," says Al Bever-

man, the 300-pound manager of heavyweights Dino Dennis and Chuck Wepner, "I'd recommend something light... like fish followed by a bottle of Chateau Latour '58. But with this one you can go heavy, something Italian or German, with no limit to the wine or beer. The digestion won't be bothered by this fight. There's nothing personal here. It's just a good fight. Somewhere to go after dinner." Usually a marksman at fight analysis, Braverman is certain "Ali cannot lose." His opinion, though, is slightly tainted; he is allied with Don King, the promoter who was dropped by Herbert Muhammad, Ali's manager, and "crossed by Norton." Norton alleged in a court case brought by King involving breach of contract that King had tried to block the promotion of this fight.

Madison Square Garden and the inexorable Bob Arum are the co-promoters of the bout, only the second title match in New York in over five years. It is a compatible alliance, combining the institution that ravaged the sport in New York by abusing young talent through its calloused attitude, with the lawyer Arum, who once admitted he could not care less about boxing; to him, it is a business—like underwear on Seventh Avenue. This is a tough tandem, resolute in its desire to skim the last of the cream from the game, although Arum does say that this fight is his first step in putting boxing back upright in the Garden. The Ali-Norton promotion jumped off the blocks superbly, selling \$1 million worth of tickets soon after the fight was announced back in May.

Since then, ticket sales have been sluggish, closed-circuit theater bids not overwhelming, and there seems to be an undercurrent of concern, if not panic, among the promoters. In seclusion in Show Low, Ariz., Ali (the master of flak and salesmanship) was pressed hard to train in the New York area instead of appearing only several days before the fight. Was the Garden running scared? If so, one could hardly blame it. The 65,000 capacity of Yankee Stadium would look like a wasteland with even a good fight crowd, and Norton was guaranteed \$1.1 million, Ali \$6 million.

The crowd figures to be about 30,000 (tickets are sealed at \$200, \$150, \$100, on down), but what about those crucial theater seats? On the negative side, the fight seems to lack character, meaning

that Norton is not clearly identifiable to the general public (which determines theater receipts); meaning also that there is no genuine conflict of character or philosophy between Norton and Ali to stir the fan. In its favor, this can be said: it is a splendid "talking" fight, one of those events that can be chewed on endlessly, one of those "armchairs" that open up many avenues of debate. Like these: What about that one point that separates Ali and Norton after two previous meetings? And Ali's broken jaw in the first fight? And the closeness of the second fight? Why did Norton look so desperate against Ron Stander, the heavy bag? Why did he look so lethargic against broken-down Larry Middleton? In the end, is Norton just a journeyman who got lucky? Did Ali's shabby defense against Jimmy Young reflect more than just poor condition?

In his camp at Grossinger's in the Catskills, Norton likes to talk about his two fights with Ali, the first in March 1973 the second five months later. He likes to stress how he broke Ali's jaw in the first one, and tries to build a case for why he should have won the second, which he lost by a point. The films do not agree with him. He started slowly, caught fire in the middle, and might have won it had he not been so passive in the

last round. He did nothing in this round; his corner had miscalculated the scoring, figuring he had a lot of lead to spare. "Ali stole that round with showmanship," says Norton's manager, Bob Biron. "That was the difference." Biron also believes that Norton was trained too finely, that he was too light at 205 and could not reach back for strength when he needed it.

Norton, at 31, will be about 212 for Ali this time under a different trainer, Bill Slayton, once a semi-pro linebacker. Asked where he would use the 6' 3" Norton (once a very good wingback) on a football team, Slayton said, "I'd make him a flanker. He's got great speed. He doesn't like to block or hit. You can see that." Slayton hints that Norton will use his job a lot more and that there will be a solution—not a pretty one—if Ali tries to hold his fighter by the back of his head. "Ali doesn't like a jab, never has," says Slayton. "He gets worried about his face. I hope Ken can cut him early, get him thinkin' about his face." Slayton adds that the Stander and Middleton fights were tune-ups, and that they were not the type of opponents that bring out the best in Norton. "He either respects a guy or under-respects him," Slayton says. "It's a mental thing he's got. It's all mental with him in the ring."

continued



In a reflective mood, a casually youthful-looking Ali watches a video tape of the second bout



At Grossinger's Norton bones up the psych

RUBBER MATCH continued

Ali trains a few miles away at the Concord Hotel. His camp is a bit more tranquil than usual. Because he was annoyed with the crowd around him in his camp in Michigan, Ali did his preliminary work in the vast desert quiet of Show Low, with only a few aides and his latest health guru, the comedian Dick Gregory, on hand. This atmosphere seems to have been brought from Show Low to the Concord. Gregory has set up a special

At the Concord Ali gets juiced up by Gregory



health room for Ali, with 5600 blenders, baskets of carrots and fruit and every vitamin and mystical concoction known to man. "Hurry up! Hurry!" Gregory yells to the man at the blender. "The champ's ready for his carrot juice."

Ali does not say much about the two fights with Norton, but the party line goes like this: The first fight can be dismissed because, next to his attitude toward Jimmy Young and his preparation for that match, Ali has never been more contemptuous of an opponent or in worse condition; even on the morning before the fight he was romantically distracted. Erase also the second bout. Ali prepared well for this one: running hard, chopping down trees, drawing his strength from them, he said. The trouble was that he could not punch, could not keep Norton off because of his chronically sore hands, and besides he was worried about his jaw—whether it would hold up or not. "I boxed the last eight rounds of that fight with open gloves," says Ali. "Now my hands are like steel. I'm gonna blow him outta there! Can't have a man beat champion who walks 'round like he did in that movie." He was alluding to Norton's highly sexual role in the plantation film called *Drum*.

Ali can't, or doesn't seem to want to, find a personal hook on which to hang Norton. "I wanna leave him be," he says. "He don't arouse me." Candidly, there is not much to say about Norton, even for Ali, who seldom lets facts get in the way of a good line. On the surface Norton appears to be a solid, playful man, given to sudden practical jokes and being careful about his privacy, a man who would never tolerate the chaos that encircles Ali. "Ken doesn't let friends pick him," says Biron. "He picks them. He has very few friends." Norton likes fast cars, lives with a "charming lady" who has recently given birth to a girl (two days before Ali became a father again).

Yet there seems to be a murkier tide running through the Norton persona. "There's something soft, unhostile about Ken," says an acquaintance. "It's hard to think of him as a fighter." Slayton, remember, sees him as a flanker and a person of the mind, always the mind above all. Biron concedes that Norton needs careful mental preparation to be ready for a fight, needs to have his emotions checked and examined almost daily. Look around his room at Grossinger's

and you see many books on fear and success and sports psyching and motivation and self-improvement. The signs over his doorway and on the walls read I WILL BEAT ALI! Look at his habits. Everything begins from the left side. First he puts on his left sock, then his left shoe; the left hand is taped first, and the left glove put on before the right. And Norton has a horror of seeing a black cat when he is doing roadwork.

He is a spooky heavyweight, a fighter who can be likened to a horse that is thrown off stride by shadows. Put simply, the inside opinion is that Norton can be mugged mentally, might even do it to himself without provocation. He is timid, it is said, and there is a better example of the fear factor than Norton's title fight with George Foreman in Caracas? To all who were there, the picture remains: the immense Foreman glaring at a nearly trembling Norton, who would be knocked out quickly in the second round. Allow for some exaggeration by most witnesses, but there is no doubt something was wrong with him. "I would have thought he was afraid," says Biron, "had I not been there. But I was and I know what happened."

The Foreman fight, says Biron, was madness. "Foreman's people brought their own referee," he says. "There were threats on Norton's life. An Interpol man slept on the floor of his room, and guards with submachine guns surrounded his dinner table each night. On top of this, there were severe tax problems with the government, which went back on its tax word. There was Foreman trying to hold the promotion up for more money right before the fight, yelling about a bad knee, lumping into the hospital on one leg. It was a brawl on several fronts, and I didn't know there was going to be a fight an hour before it went off. At that point Norton was still sitting in his hotel room. Then I finally called, and he rushed to the arena. By this time Ken had come apart mentally. He wasn't there. His eyes were glazed. He would have walked through a wall and not have known it. The confusion had disturbed him severely. I shouldn't have let him go on."

Believable, yes, but in the end Norton provides us with no serious reason why he should take the title from the most creative, the most gifted heavyweight in history. Can he outbox Ali? Can he out-punch Ali? Is he stronger than Ali? Is he

continued

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smarter than Ali? Will he be in better condition? The answer to all of these questions is an unarguable no. What does Norton have to offer? He works well up close, can be punishing to the body, a steady and fierce campaign (but enervating because of all the heavy fire one must take) to Ali's body brings results. Norton has an odd style: he is sort of like a big cork in a normal sea, bobbing just enough to be out of focus. In the past Ali has found him difficult to time.

Ali knows this of Norton; he knows he drops his right hand whenever he throws a left hook; he knows Norton's punches come in wide amateurish arcs; he knows Norton will be especially attentive to Ali's right hand, which is better than ever. Ali seems to think Norton will show his hand early, try not to allow Ali to build a big margin toward a decision. "It could be that the early rounds might be some of the best ever seen," says Baron. "Ken knows he has to take that title from Ali. Nobody is going to take a title from Muhammad Ali if it is anywhere close. He is boxing."

If Norton's turn of mind, his emotional pose and interesting but limited skills are questionable, there is also this point about Ali: the degenerative process of age. Like a sudden cool wind on a hot night, age can come upon a fighter. The muscles and bones ache more, the hurt stays longer, the will often lacks the edge of a sword. The legs go first, and so it has been with Ali; he no longer has speed, the ability to move swiftly backward, and it is obvious he takes more punches than he ever has. Instead, he has become more cunning, a plotter and schemer who has bent his attack to conform to his residual skills. In some ways he is a better fighter than before, standing flat-footed in the middle of the ring, finessing from side to side and punching with cruelty. What about those reflexes that trigger combinations, the vital sign that tells what is left in a fighter? Who can guess when they will leave a profligate like Ali? You can whip a 34-year-old body into shape only so many times. If he is intact look for the Guns of September on this night, with most of the shells landing on Norton, thus removing all curiosity, sending Norton back to a career in movies, and leaving Muhammad Ali only one fight away—Foreman—from becoming a full-time soul catcher as evangelist to the world.

END



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KING JAMES DRIVES FOR A CROWN

James Hunt's philosophy is to "live life as I bloody well want," and he wants to be World Driving Champion

by CLIVE GAMMON

It is nearly a mile and a half from Monza's second chicane to the sanctuary of the track's pit area. For James Hunt, with his British-built McLaren M23 off the track and jammed into the sand after only 11 laps of the Italian Grand Prix, that meant a long, bitter walk in the cold rain. Because Hunt is threatening to win world championships from Italy's Ferrari (as constructor) and its star, Niki Lauda (as driver), most of the 100,000 spectators had applauded his accident, and jeered and cursed him as he trudged to the pits.

This appalling episode on Sept. 12 must have seemed dauntingly removed from the happy, wine-bubbling party in the sand dunes at Zandvoort, Holland where, just two weeks previous, Hunt, his teammates and a bunch of elated fans had celebrated both the driver's 29th birthday and his Dutch Grand Prix victory in rumbustious style. That night the T shirt he wore read "King James Rules OK"—and indeed his coronation as this season's world-champion driver seemed not too far away.

The nine points from his Zandvoort win had placed Hunt only two points behind Lauda, who was then convalescing from burns he had suffered in a horrifying crash on Aug. 1 in the German GP. The word in racing circles was that Lauda, who at one point had been given last rites, might be well enough to drive in the final three events of the 16-race series (Mosport, Canada on Oct. 3, the U.S. GP at Watkins Glen the following week and Mount Fuji, Japan on Oct. 24). But even if the rumor was correct and the 27-year-old Austrian did resume driving, certainly no one expected him to return to form in time to be a factor in the chase for 1976 world-championship points.

Shortly after that disastrous German GP, which Hunt had won, he declared that he had no wish to win the championship "by default." But a subsequent fourth in the Austrian Grand Prix and the first in Holland, which had given him a total of 12 points (points are awarded on a 9-6-4-3-2-1 basis to the first six finishers), had thrust him to within strik-



PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TROLD

Hunt cuts a fine figure at the wheel of a McLaren, encumbered with posies after his Dutch GP win and jogging near his home on the Costa del Sol

ing distance of the championship, and Hunt's view had changed somewhat.

"Let's be absolutely honest and frank about it," he said before Monza. "I'd rather win it than not win it. In 1974, 55 points and three Grand Prix wins meant the championship for Emerson Fittipaldi. I've already won five GPs this season. Most other years, I would have won it already with four races to go." That was before the telephone rang in Hunt's villa in San Pedro on Spain's Costa del Sol five days before Monza, bringing the news that by some miracle Lauda had declared himself fit to race only six weeks after sucking flames into his lungs at the Nürburgring. "That makes it fine," Hunt said then. "We've both finished the same number of races. I wasted some early on, when we'd made our car all wrong by messing with its aerodynamics. But now

continued



that Niki is coming to Monza we're starting very nearly square; we've both won several races and he was out to take three races. I'm very happy to beat him in battle rather than in hospital."

But at Monza, as in the Spanish and British Grands Prix earlier this year, a lot of the battle was going to take place off the track. In Spain, Hunt was disqualified when a post-race technical inspection revealed that the rear wing and tire track of his winning car were fractions of an inch wider than allowed, according to specifications that went into effect on race day but had not applied during practice. That disqualification was reversed by the *Commission Sportif Internationale*, the body that governs Formula 1. After the British GP at Brands Hatch, Ferrari protested another Hunt victory (the first protest of a Formula 1 result in recent memory), contending that Hunt's McLaren, which was involved in a race-halting multicar crash on the first lap, had not been running when the race was stopped. The British stewards disallowed the protest, but the matter will not be settled until the C.S.I. holds an appeal hearing later this month.

In this corrosive atmosphere, Hunt, the McLaren team and, in particular, its managing director, Teddy Mayer, planned to take special pains to close every loophole on Ferrari's home ground. Because of rumors circulating before the race, Mayer paid special attention to the

gasoline used in the two team cars, to the extent of having it carefully analyzed by Texaco (a sponsor along with Marlboro of Team McLaren) well ahead of the race.

The precaution was of no avail. At the last minute, officials of the Automobile Club of Italy, which sanctioned the race, declared that both the McLaren and Penske teams' fuels exceeded the permitted octane rating. Penske driver John Watson, who had won the Austrian GP two weeks after Lauda's crash, was called from a special presentation commemorating that event to be told the news. Hunt heard it from the press. Teddy Mayer, a graduate of Cornell Law School, appealed the decision immediately. "Normally," he said, "you don't get sent to jail before the appeal is heard. It's the other way around in this case. We'll try to get the race declared null and void."

The first practice day at Monza, a Friday, had been vile, cold with an almost continuous heavy rain. Practice lap times, which would determine positions on the starting grid of Sunday's race, were slow. The next day, on a dry track, they were considerably faster. But on race day, A.C.I. officials announced that because of their supposedly tainted gasoline Hunt, his teammate Jochen Mass and Watson would be gridded according to their best times on Friday. All other drivers would be gridded by their faster Saturday times—including an extraordi-

nary three-car contingent of Ferraris driven by Lauda (fifth on the grid), Clay Regazzoni (ninth) and Carlos Reutemann (seventh), who had driven every other 1976 GP for Brabham. This meant that Hunt, Mass and Watson started from the very back of the grid.

It appeared the officials did not just want Hunt out of the race; they wanted him humiliated on the track. From the back of the 26-car grid there would be little chance of his gaining a point. McLaren might well have done as Ferrari did after Lauda's injury—flooded out of the competition. But McLaren decided to fight it out on the terms the fans at Monza were hoping for—a Hunt-Lauda confrontation with the odds heavily weighted on the side of Lauda, the crowd's returned hero. Since he joined Ferrari in 1974, Lauda has resurrected the team's fading glory, not only by his driving but also by his engineering and organizational abilities.

The differences between Hunt and Lauda, the two best drivers racing today, are considerable in everything except their degree of driving skill. "I like and admire Niki," Hunt says, "but he is more single-minded than I am. With people, for instance. Given a choice, if there is somebody standing in my way I'll step around him so that there's no aggravation. But Niki would not. He'd make no effort to step around. There was a guy came up to him at Brands Hatch, a terrific fan, obviously, and he'd put together a kind of scrapbook of Niki, months of work in it. Niki was standing in the paddock doing nothing, and the fan presented him with it. 'Ja, that's wonderful,' Niki said. 'Now get out of here.' I couldn't do that. I'd have to talk about it a bit and try to maneuver myself out of position. The fact that the present was a big pain in the neck is neither here nor there."

Their off-track style is notably different, too. Hunt is a reversion to an older kind of driver, colorful, outgoing and not averse to a fair measure of hell raising at the right time. This made him a little uneasy when he switched last year from the Hesketh team—a band of hedonists to whom fine hotel accommodations and the proper wines seemed as important as winning—to McLaren, where he stepped into the shoes of the somber and somewhat revered figure of former World Champion Emerson Fittipaldi.

Hunt recalls, "The thought of driving



King James' version of the good life includes a comely housekeeper and games of backgammon

for a big serious team that never smiled, with big serious sponsors, had me worried in the time between signing the contract and meeting them. Those Marlboro parties. ... Do you know, they used to put almost a uniform on Emerson—a blazer with a badge on it, a Philip Morris tie, all that junk? I told them, 'You can scrub that for a start.' But they didn't push me. I was pleasantly surprised. I think that they secretly wanted to enjoy their racing after the serious and dour reigns of Emerson."

Hunt is neither serious nor dour, nor is he the gauche playboy that the gossip columns make him out to be. His self-discipline in the days before a race is striking. Around his Spanish home there may well be opportunities for self-destruction equal to anything in the Western world, but Hunt is under easy control. He lives simply in his villa, looked after by his striking housekeeper, Anita Todd, visits two or three parties an evening, sipping a Coke or two at each, plays and bets on endless games of backgammon at the beach club; and enjoys golf nearby or tennis at Lew Hoad's club up the road. After a race he is willing to let go fairly publicly, and he admits there are times when he gets some bad publicity. "I won't do anything to affect my performance in a race," he says. "But beyond that I'll live my life as I bloody well want, and I refuse to be dictated to. It doesn't make any difference to me personally if I'm reported jumping drunk into pools in the middle of the night or not. I used to worry that the sponsors might take a dim view of that, but I think now they realize that this is all part of the package."

There is, in fact, yet another side to Hunt, observable in the Marlboro hospitality trailer on race days, a side that is forever Sutton, Surrey, the middle-class outer suburb of London where he grew up. The Hunts are very much a family. "Morning, Mother," both James and Peter Hunt, his brother and agent, say dutifully when Sue Hunt visits, clearly enjoying James' success. "They were very nice to me at the reception," she'll characteristically say. "They gave me champagne, but what I really wanted was one of those Marlboro T-shirts." Someone rushes off to get her one as she settles down comfortably to talk about James and how he first learned to drive at 11 years of age on holiday in Wales, and how he bought his first car, an Austin

Mini, piece by piece and put the whole thing together. She smiles secretly, too, when James makes a rare remark about his ex-wife, now Mrs. Richard Burton. People are playing liar dice in a corner of the trailer, and he suddenly observes, "Suzy was so good at that."

The story about building the Mini is interesting because Hunt says he is quite untechnical. "Niki will talk technical to people, but I have a different view of GP racing," Hunt says. "I think what it is really about is getting in the car and putting your foot down. Obviously, the driver has to have a hand in setting the car up, but you don't have to get involved in a whole load of technicalities. When reporters come up to me and ask why I adjusted the front roll bar by 1.5 centimeters, I probably don't even know it's been done."

Teddy Mayer says that Hunt is an entirely different driver from Fittipaldi, who would come into the pits at practice and ask for minute adjustments. "James quite often comes in and says he can't tell any difference, but we haven't found him wrong when we make a positive change. I don't know if he could sort out a car that is badly out of kilter, but we haven't given him one of those yet. What really matters to us is that he has an enormous amount of natural talent backed up by unusual determination. He's as determined a driver as I've had work for us, and that includes Fittipaldi, Denis Hulme, Phil Hill [all world champions], as well as Bruce McLaren and Peter Revson. I think he has probably got more natural talent than any of them."

Bubbles Hersley, currently managing a team campaigning the old Hesketh cars and Hunt's team manager while he was with Hesketh, says, "I used to get very cross when I felt James wasn't really trying. There are 25 or 30 guys all working for a finished product: a guy sitting in a motor car. If he doesn't try, then you might as well go home. A team like that, it's like putting a pop group on the road. There's a lot of equipment and people to get around the world. But we never had a real bust-up, just the odd hiccup. James is better with McLaren because he has more confidence—he's winning races under pressure. With us he had a nasty habit of doing well, even winning, then crashing. It was irritating to say the least. Argentina, '75, 18 laps left and in front of Fittipaldi—he just lost concentration and

spun. He went out in the first lap of the '74 Argentina and spun. Led the 1975 Spanish Grand Prix and spun. He always admitted it. ... He couldn't say anything else, could he? Spun the bleeding car, hadn't he? He's better now, especially his timing. McLaren's is lucky to have him. He's probably the best in the world."

There was no way at the Italian GP that the title of best driver in the world was going to be decided, though the extraordinary sight of Hunt in his red-and-white McLaren last on the line did not persist for long. After 11 laps he had passed 14 of his rivals and was within five seconds of Lauda, who had muffed his start. He was lapping faster than the leaders when he ran off the track. "I passed Tom Pryce and I zapped away from him," Hunt said after the race. "But he was catching me again when I got stuck behind Jacky Ickx. Then I made a mistake coming out of the first chicane and missed a gear, so that Pryce got back alongside me on the straight and then started to try to outbrake me for the second chicane—which seemed a bit stupid and unnecessary, because I was quicker than him anyway, and he wasn't going to prove anything except add to the aggravation. But he was inside me, and I couldn't get into the corner, so I shd off and I got stuck. The car was undamaged, but I couldn't get it out again."

And so it was the long walk in the rain past the banners that read *BASTA CON LA MAFIA INGLESE* (Away with the English Mafia) and the jeering Italians, triumphant now that Lauda, after his slow beginning, was edging up in the race. Lauda had hung in sixth position until the engines in the Tyrrells of Jody Scheckter and Patrick Depailler both went soft, and he was able to slide into fourth position five laps before the end to complete his astounding comeback. Meantime, as few noted, Ronnie Peterson in a March was winning his first Grand Prix of the season.

And so an unexpected three points were earned by Lauda, to give him a total of 61, widening the gap between him and Hunt to five. "My God, I'm looking forward to North America and sanity," Hunt said, resting in the trailer after the race.

North Americans, for their part, are looking forward to the arrival of both Hunt and Lauda, and to the drama of their end-of-the-season battle for the world championship.



REGULATED TO THE BENCH, SPORTSWISE

If you ever watched a team struggle to a scoreless tie, you will not be defeated, clipped, routed or smashed by this whimsical and somewhat critical report on the uses of our mother tongue, or what is left of it **by EDWIN NEWMAN**

A few years ago, after Pitcher Mike Marshall was traded to the Los Angeles Dodgers, he found himself rooming with Andy Messersmith when the team traveled. The effect on Messersmith was profound. "I'm a better student of hitters since Mike joined us," said Messersmith. "My studiology of baseball is better." Marshall is a Ph.D. candidate who worries more about facing variables during a game than about facing batters, and probably the "studiology" he elicited from Messersmith was to be expected.

Though this be madness, there's methodology in it. It is only part of a larger movement in which the language of sports grows more pretentious. Sports are being overcome by the all-American urge to complicate. Much of the news on the sports pages these days has less to do with the games played than with the circumstances in which they are played, and under whose auspices, and with what guarantees, and with what ancillary income arrangements, and whether they will be played at all.

When contests do take place, they are less an end in themselves than a means by which the players go on to other things. Mark Spitz' gold medals in swimming in the 1972 Olympics were worth a fortune to him, though Spitz as an entertainer—or, a more nebulous category, a personality—could barely stay afloat. Cogito ergo I swim. In the spring of 1976 Larry Csonka, who had jumped from the National Football to the World Football League, jumped back, the World etc. having globally failed. He signed with the

New York Giants, and one reason he chose them, Csonka explained, was that the promotional possibilities—outside income—were greater in New York than anywhere else. In that same spring the Oakland A's traded Outfielder Reggie Jackson to Baltimore. Jackson did not want to go because his outside interests were on the West Coast. So was a 1975 batting average of .253. How can a player with a .253 average have outside interests?

The language of sports more and more resembles the language of politics and diplomacy, a new reciprocity, since politicians and political writers have traditionally borrowed from sports to show that they are not stuffy and that they have the common touch. An election year can hardly begin before somebody is designated the front-runner and there is talk of staying up in the pack; this candidate makes a grandstand play and that candidate picks his spots, and so-and-so has momentum but has only faced the second team and it may be different when he goes one on one with such-and-such on his home ground.

After Ronald Reagan beat President Ford in the Indiana primary, the Republican chairman in Michigan, William McLaughlin, pronounced the contest for the nomination "a real ball game." That made it a doubleheader, because Representative Morris Udall was at that same time pronouncing the Democratic contest a whole new ball game, and even predicting that he would be in the playoffs. It wasn't and he wasn't. Before the Pennsylvania primary, Senator Henry Jackson said that it would be well to come in first in the preferential voting there, "but the name of the game is delegates." Soon thereafter, the name eluded the Senator, going through to Jimmy Carter, who gathered it in on one hop, and Jackson was relegated to the bench (sometimes referred to as regulated to the bench).

When the U.S. lent Britain several billion in 1946, a reporter at Secretary of the Treasury Fred Vinson's news conference told Vinson that he had been sitting in left field and had not heard Vinson's answers. "Well," said Vinson, a right-handed Secretary, "I'm a pull hitter." The military, too, borrows from sports. During the North African campaign in World War II, the British commander, General Sir Bernard Montgomery, assured his men that they would hit the German commander, Field Marshal

Erwin Rommel, for sixes. That is the cricket equivalent of a home run. The temptation to borrow from sports also overcomes judges. In Santa Fe, N. Mex., the Attorney General and the D.A. each claimed the right to work with a county grand jury in an investigation of the state penitentiary. Judge Edwin Felter said the jury would have to choose between them. "Neither of the two players," said Judge Felter, "shall decide which thereof shall carry the ball."

Now the traffic is flowing in the other direction. When Csonka—who, like all other players, is some kind of player—signed with the Giants, no details were announced except that he had signed a "multiyear" contract. That was instead of a "uniyear" contract for players in less demand. When Joe Frazier and George Foreman signed for their June 1976 multi-rounder, sportswriters were proud to attribute their information about the contract to "a highly placed boxing source." A boxing source bows and weaves, feints with a left, and then throws a right that delivers the goods. A boxing judge, Harold Lederman, replying to a letter to a newspaper from Referee Barney Felix, wrote that Felix' words in reprehension of the sport were an unexpected animadversion that shocked him deeply. He felt strongly compelled to express his complete and utter incredulity. When I look at the language of sports, I often do myself.

Lederman's letter may have been ghostwritten by Howard Cosell, who speaks of teams in "a poor field position situation" and of a back who will run un-molested down the field, thereby enabling his team to perpetrate a major upset, which may revivify the fans' interest or, if they are on the other side, lead them to give vent to their vocal discontent, rather as Muhammad Ali did before the George Foreman fight in Zaire when he rendered himself, so Cosell told us, into a hoarse frenzy. During the Ali-Jimmy Young fight in April, Cosell noted that Ali attemptedly delivered a number of punches. Young attemptedly blocked them. On another night, during halftime of a football game, Cosell announced, "I am variously bounded and circumscribed by Senator Edward Kennedy and John Denver." Kennedy was, geographically, on one side of him and Denver on the other.

Unfortunately, Cosell is not alone. Early in the 1975 professional football

season, during a game between the New York Jets and the Kansas City Chiefs, Charlie Jones of NBC noticed Joe Namath raging about a call of offensive pass interference and announced that Namath was holding a detente with the officials. Actually, it was a *démarche* accompanied by an *aide-mémoire*, ending in a *tour d'horizon*. Luckily for the Jets, the officials did not declare Namath persona non grata and ask for his recall.

On NBC, Jim Simpson described David Knight, a wide receiver for the New York Jets, as "a young man not of any specific speed or any specific size who makes a living by knowing how to run the patterns." It is because Knight is of no specific size that, after he catches the ball, he is so hard to tackle. Simpson also told us, before a Miami-Baltimore game, that Miami was driving for its sixth consecutive playoff in a row. Many sports broadcasters now believe that consecutive is shorthand for consecutive in a row. Just as eight straight wins seems incomplete to them alongside eight straight wins without a loss, and they would rather not take the easy way.

Sports broadcasters often have a shaky grip on grammar and on the connection between words and meaning. I learned one night from NBC that Dock Ellis, a pitcher formerly with the Pittsburgh Pirates, was "looking ahead to a low profile image with the Yankees." A low profile image is not unlike a poor field position situation and involves keeping an ear to the ground. From CBS I learned during a game between the New York Jets and the Dallas Cowboys that "Tom Henderson found an opening and blocked Greg Gantt's would-be kick." ABC, during an Ivy League football game, told us that one team's chance of winning had diminished completely, a clear infraction of the law of diminishing returns (which occur when a team runs back punts and kickoffs for less and less yardage as the game goes on). In golf, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED noted that "a two-some of Bobby Nichols and Lee Trevino talk no more than most pairs—except that Lee does it all." Well, Jim, Howard and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, maybe Nichols came to play.

The newspapers are not far behind. A Pittsburgh paper ran a photograph with the caption "Jimmy Connors gets an unidentified kiss from a local fan." The newspaper was trying to say that the woman's name was not given; continued

the kiss, apparently, was standard. A sportswriter for the *Lake Charles* (La.) *American Press*, covering high school football, called a team capitalistic. He meant that it turned its opponent's fumbles into touchdowns. Thus, the class struggle in Louisiana.

I am, I know, mixing up the sports, but I can hardly be blamed. Nowadays, a long fly, arching skyward, will chase an outfielder to the distant wall at the same time that a shifty guard, using a solid pick from a stalwart seven-foot center, drives the middle, a slap shot eludes the masked goalie's desperate lunge as he sprawls on the ice and the red light flashes on behind him. (I am not quite right about the long fly. It arches dome-ward, because stadiums are increasingly roofed over. With so many Latin-American players in the major leagues, we can imagine the shouted instructions to the outfielders as the fly is hit, or when the artificial turf causes a ridiculously high bounce: Look dome-ward, Angel!)

Most Americans get their sports news on television, and the broadcasters like to make things crystal clear. So we are told about the team with the worst record in baseball won and lostwise, about the football player who incurs a penalty and is the guilty culprit and about the players who have good success in spite

of being plagued by physical injuries. Ralph Kiner has explained why a team may not use a squeeze play to get the man on third base home. The squeeze, he said, might not succeed successfully. The players have the same uneasy feeling that success may be failure. Dave Kingman, an outfielder for the New York Mets, expressing his gratification after hitting two home runs off Andy Messersmith, post-studiology and with Atlanta: "I have had terrible success against him in the past."

Just as good success is desired, so are good power and good speed. Maury Wills has described a player as having good running speed. "I knew it was hit good," said Mike Schmidt of the Philadelphia Phillies after hitting a long ball in Houston, "but the ball doesn't carry good in the Astrodome." It carries bad. When James J. Braddock died, there were stories about the fight in which he lost his heavyweight championship to Joe Louis. In the first round Braddock knocked Louis down. Louis got up. Braddock: "I thought if I hit him good, he'll stay down." Braddock was a longshoreman and uneducated. Tom Seaver of the New York Mets is a college graduate: "Cedeno hit the ball pretty good but it was right where I wanted him to hit it." Budd Schulberg is a novelist. Said he, after the Ali-Foreman fight, "The fight turned out pretty good."

Good, as in: 1. "I guess he means good" (Mets Manager Joe Frazier about an umpire); 2. "Apparently somebody's controlling the Commissioner pretty good" (Yankee Manager Billy Martin on Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn); 3. "He ran the curve good" (O. J. Simpson of ABC Sports on Dwayne Evans, bronze medalist in the 200-meter dash at the Montreal Olympics); 4. "Evelyn Ashford comes from behind very good" (Wyomia Tyus on the women's 100-meter dash at Montreal).

Good has long been indispensable to sports language. I believe that a change is in the making, but good has a few seasons left.

"I think we'll have a pretty good year," says the coach who knows that doom awaits but doesn't want to damage morale in the interim.

"We'll have a good season," says the coach who thinks his team may go all the way but prefers not to say so.

Says the coach who is full of confidence, or in the words of Tom Landry,

coach of the Dallas Cowboys, whose confidence factor is up, "All the players have real good attitudes, we have some real good prospects, including one boy who is going to be a real good kicker, and I think we'll have a real good season."

During the 1976 baseball season, Reggie Jackson, after his first game with the Baltimore Orioles, reported that it felt good, because he was moving good and taking the pitches good. The pitches Jackson took did not come from Mackey Lolich, because Detroit had traded him to the Mets. After his second victory for the Mets, Lolich acknowledged that he was old for a pitcher—35—but, he said, "I still throw pretty good." Gus Ganakas, while basketball coach at Michigan State, suspended 10 players: "I feel good compassion between us," he said. Bad compassion, Ganakas must have sensed, had been the downfall of many basketball coaches.

A new generation of broadcasters has already moved beyond good to better things. Consider the former quarterback John Unitas. Unitas has three things to say about a player: He did a fine job. He did a real fine job. He did a super job. About entire teams or categories of players, such as offensive guards, he also has three things to say: They do a fine job. They do a real fine job. They do a super job. No mention of good.

Good shots are disappearing from golf. If a player hits a nine-iron shot to the green, the broadcaster will say, "That was a real fine shot." Sometimes, because he believes the audience is confused about the ball and the green and thinks the game on the screen is water polo, he will say, "That was a real fine golf shot." In exceptional cases, "That was a super shot."

Will super last? Not for long. Not with real super waiting to be waved in. Moreover, the golfer Raymond Floyd has blazed a new trail. After three rounds in the 1976 Masters tournament, he had a lead of eight strokes. Before the final round, Floyd was asked how he had slept. "I slept terrific," he said. There is always something grander beyond the horizon. When the 1974 World Series was under way, in progress and continuing in California, Vin Scully said on NBC about Reggie Jackson: "Granted he has a strong arm velocitywise, it's not so accurate." This entire nation knows what is meant when an outfielder is said to have a strong arm, but velocitywise adds a new dimen-



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sion to our studio. California Angels Pitcher Nolan Ryan noted one day during 1976 spring training that he had good velocity. He understated it. Ryan has real good velocity. He is very fast.

I sometimes wonder—this may be regarded as a digression—whether there is not another accomplishment players must have if they are to last in the major leagues. This is the ability to spit with good velocity when the television camera is on them. It seems clear that a method of communication has been worked out between the television crews and the players. This is not necessary when a player is close enough to see the red light that means that the camera is transmitting a picture on the air, but when he isn't, I suppose that his instructions come from somebody in the television crew, perhaps by Navy semaphore flags. As soon as he gets the message, he shifts his tobacco or chewing gum and lets go.

All is not lost in sports broadcasting. It is a matter of getting the right people on the job. It is easy to find someone, almost always an ex-player or ex-coach, who will say, "They're a very physical team" (this is why there are physical injuries), and "I think they're up for this one," or a whimsical one who will refer to the end zone in football as royal soil (royal soil used to be pay dirt). Or refer to the linebackers as the containment committee and the referee as the chief of the spheroid Shylocks. Those who tell you that teams deck other teams, or slam, squeeze past, down, clip, rout, outlast, skin, rock or thump them, while notching another win or upping their mark to whatever the mark is upped to, are thick on the ground.

I learned early about clichés of sports. In the fall of 1941, I was a member of the Washington bureau of International News Service (later to be merged with United Press into United Press International). That puts it grandly. I was a copyboy, a position that would now be called at NBC News a desk assistant. I hope it makes a difference. When credentials were available for sports events that INS had no intention of covering, copyboys were able to use them. This meant that you could sit in the press box and pretend to be a reporter, and then call in a brief account of the game in case the deskman in charge wanted to use it.

That fall I was given the credentials for the football game between George Washington and, as I recall, Georgetown.

It was a game of no interest between teams of no distinction whatever, and it ended in a scoreless tie. I telephoned.

"What was the score?" the deskman asked.

"There was no score."

"Struggled to a scoreless tie, did they?" the deskman said.

I looked at my notes. Struggled to a scoreless tie was what I had written. The deskman saved me the embarrassment of admitting it or the trouble of finding a substitute. "I don't think we need it," he said.

Sports reporting is full of manufactured good cheer and catchphrases. I prefer natural eloquence, even where it goes wrong. Mendi Rudolph, who used to be a referee in the National Basketball Association, has become a color man and

From "A Civil Tongue," to be published in November by Bobbs-Merrill.

analyst of NBA games for CBS. Rudolph has assessed two teams as very equal, and on another occasion, a game between the Phoenix Suns and the Kansas City Kings, he stunned the play-by-play announcer, Don Criqui, by asking him, "That basket—how round is it?"

Criqui: How round is it?

Rudolph: Yes. How round is it?

After a while, Criqui deduced that Rudolph was asking him how large the basket was, what its diameter was. It turned out to be 18 inches. The Rudolph-Criqui exchange was the most interesting part of the game.

The words "Let's reminisce about tomorrow night's fight" were uttered by a former fight manager, Vic Marsillo, who had a radio show in New Jersey. They tell us what sports broadcasting could be, and such colorful language should not be confused with poor grammar—"Our listeners may wonder why they can't run the ball easier" and "He pursued him very good on that play." Or, with pomposity—"He is bigger, from the standpoint of physical proportions" and "The Jets maintain their hands on the football." Boxing managers, a strange and wonderful tribe, may be the great hope.

Here I must apologize for a mistake in my first book on language, *Strictly Speaking*. I attributed the remark "I was in a transm" to Joe Jacobs, who was the American manager of German heavyweight Max Schmeling. I thought

that Jacobs had said it after Schmeling lost a decision to Jack Sharkey at the Long Island Bowl in 1932. Harry Markson, who promoted fights in Madison Square Garden for many years, wrote to tell me that Jacobs was not the author of that mighty line. According to Markson, it was heavyweight King Levinsky who accounted for his poor showing against Joe Louis with the explanation that he had been in a transm. There were stories at the time that so intimidating were Louis' person and reputation, and so deep in consequence was Levinsky's transm, that his manager, his sister Lena Levinsky, known with sportspage inevitability as Leaping Lena, had to force Levinsky into the ring at the point of a gun. The fight lasted two minutes, 21 seconds.

Markson sent along some lines that had been spoken by managers of his acquaintance, which in natural eloquence rank with being in a transm. Managers usually refer to their fighters as boys, and one, on hearing that another manager's fighter had run out on him, thought that he should say something kind about his own, who had stayed with him in good times and bad, "My boy," he said, "has always been fatal to me." Another came in one day to tell Markson that his boy was suffering from a crink in his back and a throbble in his side.

"Will he be able to fight tonight?" Markson asked.

Said the manager, "It's problematical."

I have been told of a game that sports-writers play to pass the time and that could enliven baseball broadcasts. It consists of asking a question not concerned with baseball and answering it with a line usually delivered by baseball announcers:

"How is your husband feeling, Countess?"

"The Count remains the same."

"Why are the flags being raised for the President's inauguration?"

"It's an obvious bunting situation."

"What will we do with this messy pile of Greek books?"

"Homer here will tie it up."

"It's catching. I tried a couple."

"What happened to the handle on this jug?"

"He really broke that one off."

"I could swear we had another bottle of wine."

"That one is gone."

More riches than suspected lie in the language of sports. They must be mined.



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TWO STRIKES ON 'BALL FOUR'



BOUTON (LEFT) IS ISLAND, DAVIDSON DANDY IN THE NEW SITCOM

CBS will have baseball on prime time this fall, which is a startling turn of events, because the last time anyone looked, the other two networks had a \$92.8-million hammerlock on the rights to televise the sport. That was before former Yankee pitcher, sometime sportscaster and best-selling author Jim Bouton conjured up a team called the Washington Americans and created a locker-room comedy called *Ball Four*. Starting this week the Americans will perform every Wednesday night at 8:30. Don't expect to be dazzled by a no-hitter, mainly because no pitches will be thrown. The show's action, like most of the events in Bouton's book of the same name, takes place before and after the game.

In *Ball Four*'s premier episode, Jim Bouton, portrayed by Bouton, is given the cold shoulder by his teammates, who are fearful that his soon-to-be-published series of articles for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* will embarrass them. The script is overloaded with predictable punch lines, and the result is typical sitcom silliness. Only Ben Davidson, the 6' 8" former Oakland Raider, towers over this foolishness, his debut in a TV series is one of the show's bright spots. Fellow ex-jock Bouton delivers his lines blandly, but his presence does give *Ball Four* a touch of authenticity.

The mediocrity of the opening show is particularly unfortunate because Bouton had hoped to give a true portrayal of his baseball experiences in the series. Pill-popping, reli-

gion and women sports-writers in the locker room and homosexuality are some of the issues that he would like to cover. With fewer than one-third of this season's new prime-time shows likely to survive until spring, the odds seem slim that *Ball Four* will last long enough to fully explore baseball's other side. And those chances were further reduced by the well-publicized uneasiness of some CBS executives about the series before it premiered.

In fact, *Ball Four* had to beat some pretty long odds just to get on TV. When Bouton decided to try putting the show together, he corralled two friends to help: Marv Kitman, *Newsday*'s TV critic who wrote a story about Bouton when he was a sportscaster for WABC-TV in New York, signed on first. Bouton next recruited *New York Post* sportswriter Vic Ziegel while they were both covering a Muhammad Ali press conference. None of the three had ever written a TV show. "We knew our chances for succeeding were less than 1,000 to 1," says Ziegel.

Bouton has no intention of ever releasing his control of *Ball Four*. Earlier he had refused movie offers of \$25,000 just for the right to use the title. Instead of turning over the idea for a TV series to a production company, the trio brainstormed characters, drew up plots and wrote a 45-page proposal. "It was 41 pages longer than it should've been," says Ziegel, "but that is what happens when three writers get together."

When the time came to sell the show, Bouton had moved to CBS' New York station and, to save a dime, he decided to call that network's programming director first. CBS was interested, but wanted an outline of an episode. Bouton, Kitman and Ziegel soned through a dozen of their plot ideas and settled on one about a player-representative election, a situation Bouton had described in his book. "I declined [the nomination] on the spot. I refuse to give them another chance

now to vote for me," he had written. In the TV pilot Bouton is not only nominated but also campaigns and wins.

Last fall Bouton, Kitman and Ziegel wrote the script for the pilot and, following a series of rewrites requested by CBS, the network decided to shoot it. The show was videotaped three times in front of live audiences and finally bought by CBS.

Its creators envisioned the televised version of *Ball Four* as a character comedy—à la *M.A.S.H.* and *All in the Family*—rather than a mere sitcom. One problem in presenting authentic baseball characters was finding allowable homonyms for some favoring locker-room words. Bullpimp was bleeped, horsecock and bullhorse survived and horsepist is pending with the censors.

But the ban against dirty words cannot be blamed for the lack of a convincing jock raffishness in the Americans' locker room. After all, *M.A.S.H.* does nicely without them. And, so, only on occasion, does *Ball Four*. Is when Westlake, the rookie pitcher with the golden arm, is having girl trouble and Pinky, the coach, gives him a bit of advice. "Women are like buses," he says. "If one is crowded, you wait for the next one."

Pinky's line and a few others have a bit of clubhouse ring to them. And *Ball Four* has some apt casting. Davidson is excellent as a catcher named Rhino, and Jack Somack (who won a Clio award as the inept actor in the spicy-meatball commercial of a few years ago) is good as the pot-bellied manager Capogrosso. Jaime Tirelli, who played three seasons in the minors, also performs well as a Latin player named Lopez.

But those plusses are not enough to sustain a TV series, and with *Ball Four*'s premiere its creators can claim only partial success. They got the show on the air, but it is neither the character comedy nor the inside look at baseball they once planned. And the series, for however long it survives, is now largely in the hands of professional television people. Ziegel has returned to sportswriting, and Kitman is doing a series of articles on TV writing for his old newspaper. Meanwhile, Bouton, who at the moment is neither a pitcher, a sportswriter, an author nor an actor who appears to have a big future, is dangling on the outside corner with *Ball Four*. **END**

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"At the same time, I'm kind of a private person. My idea of a party is having a few friends in, or maybe dinner and a play at one of the dinner theaters."

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GIVEN NEW LIFE BY A QUARTERBACK UP FROM THE SIXTH STRING, NORTH CAROLINA IS BLACK AND BLUE AND 3-0



MENAPACE TRICKED MIAMI (Q.), THEN SCORED TDs AGAINST FLORIDA AND NORTHWESTERN

Ball Dooley spent about five seconds of last week reading the, ah, scouting report on Northwestern Quarterback Steve Breitbel. Flipping to page 15 of the *Wildcats'* press brochure, the North Carolina coach learned that Breitbel had "... completed 12 of 30 passes in junior varsity action last season ... passed for 1,436 yards and completed 58% of his passes during his junior and senior high school seasons ... ran for 837 yards and scored 12 touchdowns."

Well, said Dooley, tossing aside the brochure, so much for that. The way things have been falling for the Tar Heels this season, any other method of gathering football intelligence on a rival would seem almost out of character.

There is, for instance, North Carolina's own unique quarterback situation, one which helped the Tar Heels' preseason rating to fall somewhere between Prairie View A&M and the Little Sniers of the Poor. After a spate of twisted knees and broken bones, the starting job went to Bernie Menapace, who at one point in the fall was listed as the No. 6 signal caller and at another—just two weeks before the opener—as the No. 2 free safety. No matter. Menapace, a six-foot, 190-pound sophomore who injured himself last season, says, "I've been preparing for this job for three years and I've been a quarterback for eight. So I'm not exactly new to the job."

Menapace was dropped to No. 6 because he elected to skip spring practice in order to play baseball, which he does moderately well. Injuries to Johnny Stratton (broken wrist), P. J. Gay (knee) and John Elam (knee), and the relative inexperience of Matt Kupee and junior college transfer Clyde Christensen quickly moved him up to the starting role.

North Carolina's chances of rebounding from a 3-7-1 record appeared even more bleak when Tailback Mike Voight, who had run for more than 1,000 yards in each of the two previous seasons, came out of fall drills with an injured Achilles tendon. Limping but undaunted, Voight, known to his teammates as Space Cowboy, predicted that this season he would be riding high, gaining a mile, or 160 yards a game.

"I'm the Great White Hope for the Heisman Trophy," says Voight. "If a Southern white gentleman like Mr. Carter can win the nomination for the Presidency of the United States, then surely that improves the chances of a Southern white running back from North Carolina winning the Heisman Trophy. I have a good chance. Of course, I have a better chance of dating Raquel Welch." (In answer to a questionnaire in which he was asked to name his favorite person in history, Voight wrote: "The girl who sat on my right in History 21.")

On that note, North Carolina opened

this season a six-point underdog to Miami of Ohio. That's when the strange happenings began. The first was what is now known as the no-huddle play. For some reason, Miami of Ohio called defensive strategy with its back to the offense. With this in mind, Dooley devised a plan. It unfolded like this:

North Carolina trailed 3-0 late in the second quarter. Menapace, after running a sweep, faked a limp going back to where the officials had spotted the ball. His teammates set up far to the left of the ball. Miami, its back to the ball, was calling its defensive alignment.

Suddenly swooping down, Menapace shoved the ball with one hand to Wingback Mel Collins, who raced 69 yards untouched down the left sideline to score. North Carolina went on to whip the Redskins, a team that had been in almost everyone's Top 20, 14-10.

Next came Florida, ranked No. 17, and a 16-point favorite. Held to just 72 yards the week before, Voight ran for 142 and one touchdown. Menapace passed for another score and ran for a third. With North Carolina leading 24-21, Florida drove to the Tar Heels' three. Three seconds remained when Gator Quarterback Jimmy Fisher passed out-of-bounds to stop the clock. Except that Fisher, apparently dazed on the previous play, didn't realize it was fourth down. Now the Tar Heels were 3-0.

Continued

Last Saturday Northwestern came to Chapel Hill, N.C. after an opening loss to Purdue. Flu had so decimated the Wildcats that at the beginning of the week Head Coach Johnny Pont assigned himself the role of Menapace on the preparation team in workouts.

Said Pete Shaw, a Northwestern co-captain and an All-America candidate at strong safety, "It's not very humorous but the coach is quicker than some of our players."

Pont, 48, 5' 8" and 181 pounds, and an All-America halfback at Miami of Ohio, finished the week with a black eye, a sore ankle and a pulled groin muscle. And he was without his starting quarterback, Randy Dean, the second-best passer in the Big Ten last season, who had advanced from the flu to a light case of pneumonia.

Offensively, the game was no contest. With Breitbeil making his first start as a college quarterback, and beset by a couple of fumbles, four pass interceptions and an assortment of penalties, Northwestern only twice managed to nudge beyond the 50-yard line, and briefly each time. What the Wildcats needed was a 70-yard field-goal kicker.

North Carolina was better on offense but not much. Twice in the first quarter the Tar Heels turned short Northwestern punts into drives that carried to the five, but their only score was a 21-yard field goal by Tom Biddle. On their third drive of the quarter they were stalled on the Wildcats' 14.

Northwestern's two fumbles set up two more Tar Heel scores in the third period. After Biddle missed a field goal from the 34-yard line, the Wildcats ran one play and then fumbled the ball to Bobby Cale on the 24. Six plays later, with North Carolina stalled at the eight, Biddle kicked a 25-yard field goal. On the first play after the kickoff, Northwestern fumbled again and Bill Perdue covered the ball at the 28. This time the Tar Heels went all the way, with Menapace getting the last yard on a keeper over the middle. That made the score 12-0, and there it stayed after a Menapace pass for a two-point conversion sailed out of the end zone.

The fourth quarter went something like this: Biddle missed a field goal; on the next play Cale intercepted a Breitbeil pass; an attempted field goal by North Carolina freshman Jeff Arnold was blocked; on the next play Buddy Cur-

ry intercepted a Breitbeil pass; North Carolina punted.

"They should have scored 68 points," said Johnny Pont. "But our defense was superb. And with those officials the South could have won the Civil War."

"Well," said Dooley, "we should have scored 40-something. We'll have to work on that."

This week the Tar Heels play Army at West Point. You have to worry for the Cadets.

THE WEEK

by JOE MARSHALL

SOUTH After Alabama lost its opener to Mississippi, Coach Bear Bryant called his offense "a bunch of big babies" with no "guts and determination." "We'll practice till nine at night or five in the morning if we have to," Bryant said, and promised that if Alabama lost to SMU there would be practice at sunrise the following Monday morning.

On the second play of the SMU game, Alabama fumbled. The Mustangs promptly converted the misplay into a field goal. The Crimson Tide was intercepted on its second series and fumbled the ball away on its third. Out came the first string, and sunrise workouts loomed. But Alabama's second string generated three straight touchdowns and the Tide rolled to a 56-3 laughter.

Before the season started, South Carolina Coach Jim Carlen threw a big "U" into his evaluation of the Gamecocks. "We can be a good football team," he said, "if Quarterback Ron Bass doesn't get hurt." Bass, a junior who has had four operations in the last 18 months, was hurt against Duke and had to leave the game, but South Carolina went on to win 24-6. Freshman Quarterback Steve Swinart run 57 yards to the one-yard line and scored on the next play to give South Carolina a 17-6 lead and passed 36 yards to Wide Receiver Philip Logan for the Gamecocks' final touchdown. Nonetheless, Bass, who sprained his knee, will be the starter when South Carolina plays Georgia this week.

Georgia clobbered Clemson 41-0. Georgia Tech trailed Pittsburgh only 16-7 at the half before succumbing 42-14. In that game Tony Dorsett rushed for 113 yards in 27 carries and scored three touchdowns. His second tally gave him 258 career points and broke the all-time Pitt record set in 1919 by Andy Hastings.

Florida and Houston have played only twice. In their first meeting seven years ago the Gators scored 59 points, the most ever against a Bill Yeoman-coached Cougar team.

In their second meeting, Florida scored 49 points while holding Houston to 14; the Gators ran up 613 yards of total offense, an all-time high against Houston. Strictly a wishbone team until now, the Gators altered their offense to "half a wishbone," sending out an extra pass receiver, and scored on their first four possessions following drives of 81, 80, 80 and 58 yards. "Florida is a fantastically talented group of athletes," said Yeoman. "When their heads are screwed on right, one of the best in the nation."

Baylor's Mark Jackson threw a 12-yard touchdown pass to Tommy Davidson in the fourth quarter, then came right back to Davidson with a two-point conversion pass to give the Bears a 15-14 win over Auburn. Mississippi pounded Tulane 34-7. Tennessee shut out TCU 31-0 and Miami trounced Florida State 47-0. Vanderbilt edged Wake Forest 27-24. Mississippi State beat Louisville 30-21 on the strength of three Kinney Jordan field goals and LSU defended Oregon State 28-11.

1. MARYLAND (2-0)

2. MISSISSIPPI (2-1) 3. GEORGIA (2-0)

WEST USC, determined to erase memories of its loss to Missouri, swamped the Oregon Ducks 33-0. Ricky Bell alone had more rushing attempts than the entire Oregon team (32 to 26), nearly four times as much rushing yardage (193 to 49) and scored four touchdowns. Bell didn't wait long to get moving. USC won the toss and elected to receive. On the first play from scrimmage Bell ran for nine yards. The next time he touched the ball, on third and one, he went for 63 and a score. Oregon helped the Trojans' cause with 10 turnovers.

UCLA beat Arizona impressively, 37-9, but the first half, at least, was not that one-sided. With seconds to go the Wildcats led 3-0 and were lined up for a field goal at the Bruins' 28. Instead they tried a fake. UCLA Cornerback Levi Armstrong intercepted holder Bill Biechler's pass and raced 75 yards to give the Bruins a 7-3 halftime lead. "That play did the damage," said Arizona Coach Jim Young. "Then I lost my pose, and it carried over to my team in the second half. I got mad. I thought it was a relatively safe situation at that particular time. But it turned out to be the worst call I could have made." Theotis Brown ran 31 yards for a score on UCLA's first play from scrimmage in the second half, and the Bruins coasted from there.

Colorado, victimized by its own mistakes in its opening loss to Texas Tech, played an errorless game to defeat Washington 21-7. The Huskies, in contrast, coughed up the ball on the opening kickoff (leading to a Colorado touchdown), lost it again on the Buffalo two-yard line and had a pass intercepted.

San Diego State Tailback David (Deacon) Turner completed a 16-yard pass to the Fresno State 19-yard line on a crucial fourth and continued

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five, then covered the remaining yards to the end zone on four consecutive line blasts to give the Aztecs a 7-3 win over the Bulldogs. In two games, San Diego State, which led the nation in passing last year, has thrown for only 222 yards. Turner, however, has rushed for 324.

Air Force was decimated 41-6 by Iowa State. San Jose State downed Fullerton State 20-0. Long Beach State beat Utah State 32-10 and Texas A&I smashed Hawaii 56-21.

1. UCLA (2-0)

2. USC (1-1) 3. SAN JOSE STATE (3-0)

MIDWEST When Missouri upset USC 46-25 in its opener, the citizens of Columbia began dreaming of a national championship and looking ahead to the third week of the season, when the Tigers would play Ohio State at home. Last Saturday 63,486 jammed \$5,000-seat Faurot Field to watch hometown Missouri tussle up against Illinois. The P.A. announcer continually reminded the crowd that the following week's contest would be shown on closed circuit television in a nearby arena. Unfortunately, Illinois spoiled the build-up by shellacking the Tigers 31-6.

Illinois Coach Bob Blackman had a little extra help preparing for Missouri. He spent a long time on the phone with John Jackson, one of his aides last year and now a USC assistant. As a result the Illini kept Curtis Brown, the Missouri tailback who led the nation the first week of the season in all-purpose offense with 245 yards, from getting outside and clamped down on the passing attack of Quarterback Steve Pisarkiewicz. Brown gained only 61 yards on 17 carries, and Pisarkiewicz passed for just 64 before retiring at the end of the third quarter with a sore right shoulder. Tailback James Coleman led Illinois' attack with 152 yards and two touchdowns.

Notre Dame reversed its opening-day pounding by Pitt, scoring an easy 21-0 win over Purdue, and Nebraska atoned for its opening-day tie with LSU by drubbing Indiana 45-13.

The way Oklahoma started last Saturday one might have thought they would be upset in the opening quarter the Sooners fumbled the ball away to California the first three times they had possession and also had a 30-yard TD run nullified by a penalty. Nevertheless, after just 22 minutes Oklahoma had rushed for 354 yards and led 21-0. The Sooners' biggest plays in their 28-17 win came from 5' 8", 157-pound Wide Receiver Lee Hoyer, who caught a 65-yard TD pass from Dean Blevins and ran 58 yards for another score after retrieving a Blevins' fumble.

Michigan rushed for 531 yards—and passed for 15—on dominating Stanford 51-0. Harlan Huckleby led Wolverine rushers with 157 yards and a 9.8 average, and two other

backs, Russell Davis and Rob Lytle, also pined more than 100 yards.

It was 100' on the artificial turf at Kansas' Memorial Stadium, and Kentucky had to watch more than three dozen fans, victims of the heat, carried on stretchers past its bench. The Wildcats wilted, losing to Kansas 37-16.

Early season woes continued for Miami of Ohio, which lost 23-6 to Ball State, its third straight defeat. No team in Miami history (intercollegiate football was first played there in 1888) has ever lost three in a row at the start of the season. The Ball State defeat was Miami's first at home in 15 games, dating to 1972, and the school's first in the last 17 in Mid-American Conference competition.

Marshall's John Filter caught eight passes for 94 yards and two touchdowns as the Thunder Herd downed Illinois State 23-13. It was the 34th straight game in which Filter had caught at least one pass, breaking the record for receptions in consecutive games held by Johnny Rodgers of Nebraska.

Iowa scored on its first seven possessions in slaughtering Syracuse 41-3. Michigan State won its first game for new Coach Darryl Rogers, 21-10, over Wyoming. Minnesota beat Washington State 28-14 and Wisconsin downed North Dakota 45-9. Bowling Green easily defeated Eastern Michigan 53-12. Ohio U. topped Kent State 14-12. Tulsa edged Memphis State 16-14.

1. MICHIGAN (2-0)

2. OHIO STATE (2-0) 3. OKLAHOMA (2-0)

SOUTHWEST North Texas State Coach Hayden Fry wants to get his Eagles into the Southwest Conference, and to display the school's credentials he jumped at scheduling a game with Texas when the Longhorns suggested the contest. It was understandable, then, that when Texas dropped its opener 14-13 to Boston College, Fry would term the upset the worst thing that had ever happened to North Texas. After last Saturday's 17-14 loss to the Longhorns it was more understandable why the Eagle coach would label Texas' fullback Earl Campbell North Texas' all-time worst disaster.

Campbell had pulled a hamstring last spring and reupired it against B.C. He didn't decide to play against North Texas until he warmed up just before the game. In the first half he gained only 28 yards as the Eagles took a 7-3 lead. The second half was a different story. Campbell ran for 180 yards and set up the clinching TD with an 83-yard jaunt that ended at North Texas' four-yard line. The subsequent touchdown by Mike Cordaro, the Longhorns' sophomore walk-on quarterback, made the score 17-7.

North Texas narrowed the margin to 17-14 midway through the fourth quarter. Then Campbell went to work again. Texas ran out the clock by marching from its own 20 to the

NTSU 11, with Campbell getting 44 of those yards on nine carries. No wonder Texas Coach Darrell Royal says: "I'm not superstitious. If you've got Campbell, you win. If you don't have Campbell, you lose."

Arkansas had lost to Oklahoma State three years in a row—38-6, 26-7 and 20-13. When the Razorbacks finally beat OSU 16-10 last Saturday before a record Little Rock crowd of 55,101, Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles was so emotionally drained that he was, uncharacteristically, speechless. He postponed answering all questions until a Sunday press conference.

Arkansas beat the Cowboys with a student—as opposed to what the NCAA calls "a student athlete"—in quarterback Sophomore Mike Scott is a walk-on who was rejected as a player by his own fraternity after he was intercepted four times in an intramural game. With Scott at the controls, the Razorbacks did not throw a pass—or even threaten to. Arkansas won its eighth game in a row with a strong defense, a 163-yard rushing performance by Ben Cowins and superb blocking by Steve Little. Little had field goals of 57, 53 and 20 yards, averaged 46 yards on four punts with no returns and kicked off six times with only one runback.

Texas A&M Fullback George Woodard's rushing figure matched Kansas State's total offense as the Aggies defeated the Wildcats 34-14. Woodard had one game career highs of 39 carries and 177 yards. The 248-pounder also scored twice on one-yard plunges. "I wasn't worried about overworking Woodard," said Aggie Coach Emory Bellard afterward. "He averaged about 38 to 40 carries per game in high school." Reserve Quarterback David Walker directed all five Aggie scoring marches. He entered the game after starter David Shipman fumbled on each of his team's first three possessions.

Rice Quarterback Tommy Kramer passed for four touchdowns as the Owls routed Utah 43-22.

1. TEXAS A&M (2-0)

2. ARKANSAS (2-0) 3. TEXAS (1-1)

EAST Under a revised schedule, Ivy League opponents paired off against each other in the first week of their season rather than open with nonleague opponents, who are usually better prepared, having held spring practice, which is forbidden in the Ivies. The new format set up a crucial opening-day contest between Yale and Brown, the latter expected to battle Harvard for the league title. Certainly Yale and Brown demonstrated the need for more practice time. The game was a comedy of errors; Brown, which made fewer, won 14-6.

The outcome was supposed to hinge on how well Yale's inexperienced defense handled Brown's relatively new offensive unit, but the Bulldogs' downfall was their offense.

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which lost four of seven fumbles Brown scored its first touchdown after a fumble recovery on the Yale 15. It earned its second with a 74-yard march that ended with a sparkling 33-yard broken field run on a reverse by flanker Charley Watkins.

Harvard showed its strength by downing Columbia 34-10. Dartmouth won its first opening-day game in four years, shutting out

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: Illinois' John DiFeliciano, a 6-3", 240-pound senior, contributed seven tackles, three of them accounting for 23 yards in losses, as he led his team's defense in the Illini's 31-6 upset of sixth-ranked Missouri.

OFFENSE: Despite a pulled hamstring that made him a doubtful starter, Earl Campbell, Texas' 231-pound fullback, carried the ball 32 times for a career-high 208 yards as the Longhorns edged North Texas State 17-14.

Pennsylvania 20-0 as its defense held the Quakers to 58 yards rushing, Princeton and Cornell almost shut out each other, but the Tigers finally prevailed 3-0 on Chris Howe's 23-yard fourth-quarter field goal.

With a weak schedule, Maryland is primed for an undefeated season and a bowl berth. "They may not play Pittsburgh or Penn State but they belong in their class," said West Virginia Coach Frank Cignetti after the Terrapins outlasted the Mountaineers 30-3 to 25 yards in a 24-3 drubbing. Maryland's sophomore Tailback Steve Atkins ran for 133 yards, while West Virginia's leading ballcarrier, Dwayne Woods, was limited to minus-one in nine attempts.

Army went to the air to overcome a 24-6 fourth-quarter deficit and defeat Holy Cross 26-24. The winning score came on a 26-yard pass from Leamon Hall to George Dunaway with 47 seconds remaining in the game. Navy stayed on the ground to overtake a 3-0 Connecticut halftime lead in a 21-3 triumph. The Midshipmen outlasted the Huskies 24-4 to 33.

Temple won a tangle 31-30 decision over Grambling when Owl Quarterback Pat Carey threw a 21-yard touchdown pass to Ken Scrubbs with 33 seconds left to play. The difference was a missed conversion by Larry Scrubbs after Grambling's final touchdowns. Scrubbs made his first try but the Tigers were penalized five yards for illegal procedure. His second attempt sailed wide. Grambling Quarterback Douglas Williams threw touchdown passes of 33, 33, 17 and 50 yards in a losing cause.

Rutgers won its ninth game in a row, 19-7, over Bucknell.

1. PITTSBURGH (2-0)

2. PENN STATE (1-1) 3. B.C. (1-0)

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TEAM CANADA LIFTED THE COUNTRY'S
MORALE BY TAKING THE CANADA CUP

It was called the Canada Cup, or, if you were a foreigner, the Eaglefest Invitational—a two-week extravaganza of nationalism planned so that Canadians could prove to the world that the game of hockey still is theirs. That the Soviet Union sent its junior varsity mattered not at all. That Team USA, or Team Useless, as the American players were called, extended Canada to the 59th minute before bowing 4-2 was really insignificant. And that Czechoslovakia beat Canada

1-0 during the preliminary round robin was, well, a fluke, like the Washington Capitals beating the Montreal Canadiens. All that mattered were the newspaper headlines last Thursday morning—CANADA TOPS, LE GRAND CHAMPION, WE DID IT—after Darryl Sittler's goal at 11:33 of sudden-victory overtime had given Team Canada a 5-4 triumph over Czechoslovakia and a sweep of their best-of-three showdown for the first Canada Cup.

So, after a summer with the wretched Expos and the humiliation of becoming the first host nation not to win an Olympic gold medal, Canada finally had something to brag about, although Czechoslovakia Coach Dr. Jan Starsi credited Canada's triumph to the home-country advantage. "We would have won for sure if the final games had been played in Prague," he insisted.

For Canada, though, all went according to Alan Eagleson's scheme. Like most Canadians, Eagleson—the lawyer-agent who controls the financial destinies of the NHL's Players' Association, Bobby Orr and about half the individual players in pro hockey—feared that his country was losing hockey's cold war to the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia. Presto! Eagleson created the Canada Cup. He invited six hockey-playing nations—the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, the U.S., Finland, Sweden and, of course, Canada; guaranteed all their expenses; offered a pot of \$150,000 to the winner; sold the television rights for \$2.53 million; promised all profits to the NHL's pension program; taped up Orr's rickety left knee; and dropped the puck.

Canada assembled what was billed as its "greatest team ever"—Bobby Hull, Bobby Clarke, Guy Lafleur, Denis Potvin and 21 other pros joining Orr on Team Canada. And the Canadians had four coaches, with Montreal's Scotty Bowman working behind the bench. "This time we'll have zero excuses if we don't win," said Managing Director Sam Pollock. Orr, as Eagleson said, "I just hope Canada wins every game by a minimum of five goals, and then perhaps people like Mr. Fred Shero will agree that we do some things right here." Shero, the Philadelphia coach, is a disciple of Russia's Anatoly Tarasov.

When Team Canada routed Finland 11-2 in the opening game of the round robin to determine the finalists, Eagleson's hope seemed reasonable. But the Canadians had to struggle before they

finally subdued the U.S. 4-2, prompting American Defenseman Mike Milbury to say, "I think we proved something to that bunch of egomaniacs." Canada recovered to shut out Sweden, but then Czechoslovakia's No. 2 goaltender, Vladimir Dzurilla, a 34-year-old refrigerator repairman who had spent the previous four seasons in retirement, shut out the Canadians 1-0 in the Montreal Forum. "Now do you Canadians still think you are the only ones who know anything about hockey?" Finland's Veli-Pekka Ketola asked after watching that game. Eagleson's well-laid plans were in danger. In fact, Canada suddenly had to beat the Soviet Union just to qualify for the final series against Czechoslovakia.

The Soviets were a mystery team, probably even to Shero. Boris (Chuckles) Kulagin had been replaced as head coach by a troika of little generals, and most of the household names, including Alexander Yakushev and Valery Kharlamov, had been left behind in Moscow for one reason or another and replaced by a band of 20-year-olds who seemed feisty enough to play for Philadelphia. "When the Flyers outmuscled them last winter, the Soviets decided they needed some tough guys to protect the Kharlamovs and Yakushevs," said Bobby Kromm, one of Team Canada's coaches. "That's why they're trying these kids."

Still, the Soviets had brought Vladislav Tretiak with them, and even the most patriotic Canadian will admit that Tretiak is the best goaltender in the world. He also was the best-dressed Soviet, having signed Bobby Clarke's name to the bill for \$1,000 worth of leather, suede and denim at a men's store in New Jersey. In return, Tretiak gave Clarke a Russian fur hat.

Despite Tretiak's brilliance, the young Soviets could not cope with the Canadians, particularly the remarkable Orr, who played keep-away with the puck in Canada's 3-1 triumph. Orr, who had appeared in only 10 NHL games last season, now has had five operations on his left knee. He did not rush the puck with reckless flair each time he took the ice in the series; instead, he operated like a drop-back quarterback, picking the defenses apart with pinpoint passes to breaking teammates. "Orr on one knee," said Clarke, "still is better than everyone else. Do you think the Bruins would like to have him back?"

In the opening game of the finals,



DZURILLA TURNED BACK REGGIE LEACH

Czechoslovakia started Dzurilla in goal again, but the Canadians bombed him with four first-period scores, sent him to the bench and added two more goals against Jiri Holecck in their 6-0 victory at Toronto. Two nights later in Montreal, with his team facing elimination, Stars started Holecck in Game Two. Gilbert Perreault and Phil Esposito beat Holecck for two goals within the first 3:09, and suddenly Dzurilla was back on the ice. Impressed by his performance in Czechoslovakia's earlier victory over Canada, the Montreal Canadiens had placed his name on their negotiation list, and now he began to play like someone who wanted Ken Dryden's job.

For two periods Dzurilla stopped Team Canada cold. Meanwhile, at the other end of the ice, Czechoslovakia tied the score at 2-2. Then Bobby Clarke routed a Bobby Hull rebound through Dzurilla's legs to give Canada a 3-2 lead, but the Czechoslovakians rallied for two goals within the span of a minute late in the third period to take a 4-3 lead. Czechoslovakia clearly had assumed control of the tempo, but Canada tied the score at 17:48 when Bill Barber beat Dzurilla from the goal mouth. In the last minute of regulation play, Canada Goaltender Rogatien Vachon made his best save of the night, beating Milan Novy on a breakaway to force the overtime.

Canada scored three goals in the sudden-death period, but only one counted. Guy Lafleur put the puck into the net, but Ivan Hlinka had ingeniously lifted the cage off the ice a split second before, thus nullifying the goal. Then Guy Lapointe put the puck in the net an instant after the green light had flashed signaling the end of the first 10 minutes of overtime. No goal again. Finally, Toronto's Sittler ended all the nonsense with a legitimate score as he broke down the left side, faked a shot that brought Dzurilla to the ice, moved to a clear angle and fired the puck into the open net.

After Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau had joined in singing O Canada and after the Canadians and the Czechoslovakians had exchanged jerseys, everyone agreed that tournaments like the Canada Cup signify the direction in which hockey is heading. In fact, the Canada Cup itself seems certain to become a quadrennial event, much like soccer's World Cup. "Let's face it," said Scenty Bowman, "people are going to demand international hockey."

END



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AFTER TWO DECADES OF RACING IN THUNDERBOATS, IT LOOKS AS IF 1976 NATIONAL CHAMPION BILL MUNCEY WILL CONTINUE REWRITING THE RECORD BOOK FOREVER

In 1950 Designer Ted Jones of the boat-mad city of Seattle revolutionized unlimited hydroplane racing with a nimble three-point monster named *Slo-Mo-Shan IV*. Driving her himself, Jones wrested the Gold Cup away from the equally boat-mad city of Detroit. For the next four years, *Slo-Mo IV*, and her sister *Slo-Mo V*, beat the best of Detroit consistently.

The inter-city rivalry was so bristling that in 1955 when Jones picked 27-year-old William Muncey, a Chevrolet salesman and saxophone player born and raised on the outskirts of Detroit, to drive his latest creation, *Miss Thriftway*, there was consternation and prolonged booing around the Northwest. To some skeptics, asking a Detroit to drive a Seattle boat was at best like hiring Lizzie Borden as a baby-sitter. Others pointed out that Muncey's unlimited racing record was spectacularly inauspicious.

Bill Muncey had made his debut as an unlimited driver in his hometown at the 1950 trials for the Harmsworth Trophy where he drove an outdated hull called *Miss Great Lakes*. Although he had turned the second-fastest lap and had a better average speed than one of the boats finally chosen to defend the trophy against Canada, the selection committee passed him over because he was too new at the game and his hull too old.

Muncey did race *Miss Great Lakes* once that year against idols of his boyhood: Guy Lombardo, Chuck Thompson, Lou Fagol, Wild Bull Cantrell and the lord god of Thunderboats, Ted Jones himself. As Muncey now recalls, "I was the last of 14 boats over the starting line. When the leaders crossed I was still in the backstraight, screwing around and waving to my mother." Before the race was half done, Muncey had brawled his way up through the pack, but just as he

was passing Cantrell for third place, the bottom fell out of *Miss Great Lakes* and it ended up 25 feet down on the mud floor of the Detroit River.

After a two-year Army hitch as a band conductor, Muncey went to work in his father's Chevrolet agency, driving his own limited hydroplane sporadically but generally keeping his racing fever at a low boil. Before the surprising offer from Jones of the rival city of Seattle in 1955, Muncey had only one more chance to drive an unlimited, an obsolete displacement hull called *Dora My Sweetie*, which sank under him before he reached the starting line in a local race.

At the time he chose little-known Muncey to drive *Miss Thriftway*, Jones confessed that he had been motivated in part by what he had seen of the Detroit-er's driving, and in part by his age. He reminded the press that he himself had quit racing at 41, "because the people I used to be able to see on the shore look like so much blur now. A driver has to have good timing and this is my time to step out. It's a job for kids, say 28 to 35."

As the record book of the sport convincingly shows, Bill Muncey proved that Jones was right to pick him, although terribly wrong in one respect. Between 1956 and 1963, in three different *Miss Thriftways* (all designed by Jones), Muncey won three national titles, four Gold Cups and 14 lesser races. When he climbed out of his last *Miss Thriftway* Muncey was a few months shy of 35, the upper limit of what Jones considered the prime age for drivers. But since 1963—in his post-prime time, as it were—Muncey has maintained his original scoring pace, winning and losing spectacularly and keeping the record book in a constant state of unrest.

Last week 47-year-old Bill Muncey qualified for the final race of the 1976 unlimited season on Mission Bay in San Diego with a clocking of 128.023 mph, the fastest any Thunderboat pilot has ever qualified on any course. Two days later, on Sunday, Muncey set new competitive lap and heat records for the San Diego course, but in the final heat he was across the starting line one-fifth of a second early and had to run an extra lap. Nevertheless, he managed a third place behind the winner, his perennial rival, Billy Schumacher of Seattle, driving *Olympia Beer*. His record breaking and his third at San Diego were in a sense minor examples of his domination of the

continued



AT SAN DIEGO, MUNCEY CAPPED HIS FIFTH CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON WITH A QUALIFYING FEAT

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sport. As is his custom, Muncney had been overhauling the record book all season and, with five wins on the nine-race circuit, had already clinched his fifth national title (another record) six weeks earlier in Seattle at the next to the last race on the schedule.

The San Diego race was the 146th for Muncney in 21 years of serious campaigning. In a total of 147 races (to throw in his one disastrous sinking in 1950) Muncney has placed third or better 75 times and has won 38.

All the foregoing figures are records that, in a sport noted for short-term successes and unexpected disasters, are not likely to be broken by anyone else, ever. No other driver in the game has won more than 20 races. Only 21 other drivers have won more than four races. Of that number five died racing, and only two are still competing.

Since his start in *Miss Thriftway*, Muncney has spent more than 30 weeks in hospitals, recovering from injuries and being treated for ailments aggravated by

his racing. In the course of his career he has been burned, badly bent, internally disarranged, knocked silly and cast from his hull like a pebble from a sling.

He also has been plagued by some freakish twists of fate. Muncney perhaps came closest to his final moment in 1957 when the first *Miss Thriftway* broke up at 165 mph, throwing him 50 feet across the Ohio River. Once, when his hull was ablaze in 1964, he shouted to a rescue boat to throw him a line. The rescuers did so, instantly and too literally. They threw him the whole line, the middle and both ends. In the first heat of the 1959 Gold Cup Race in Seattle, Muncney's chances pretty much went by the board when a camera recording gauge readings in his cockpit broke open and the film entwined around his neck and head.

Muncney is also the only unlimited hydroplaner—and this record will surely be his forever—who has sunk a 40-foot steel boat and also had his own boat run over by another 40-footer. In the 1958 Gold Cup, on the first turn of a heat, his steering linkage failed and, traveling 100 mph,

he ran smack-dab into a steel Coast Guard picket boat, sending it to the bottom. In 1967, after winning his first heat in the Governors Cup on the Ohio River, he was standing just off the pit dock, waiting for a crane to lift his hull out, when a houseboat loaded with drunks ran right over him.

Despite the brutal impact of the game he plays, Muncney refuses to disintegrate. If, in the prime of middle age, he is in fact decaying, it is at a far slower rate than Ted Jones predicted for the breed. In his early years the press, with some license, described Muncney as boyish, wavy-haired and cherub-faced. His hair is sparser now; his face is creased, but he still has big baby-blue eyes and a wide grin. He does not need specs to race, and when spectators seem blurry on race weekends it is usually just a swirl of kids hounding him for autographs. (At San Diego, not too far from Muncney's present home in La Mesa, Calif., one 10-year-old, name of Archie Smith, got three

Decisions...decisions

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autographs from him in a matter of two hours, intending to sell them for 50¢.)

If Muncey's timing is sometimes off these days it is usually because it has been thrown out of whack by well-wishers and charity promoters who approach him asking him to play his saxophone, clarinet or flute at a benefit, or to give a talk for some worthy cause. As he strides by the pits there is always somebody who wants to shake his hand—an old friend, or a friend of an old friend, or an old friend who wants him to meet a close personal friend.

The reason Muncey has confounded Jones' appraisal and is still on top in Thunderboat racing after two decades in the sport lies not so much in the durability of his body tissue as in the makeup of his psyche. He is in essence a genius with a woodwind on his knee, a profound man who loves to flirt with the ridiculous. He shucks off a great deal of tension during a race meeting by lightly ribbing his rivals and destroying his own reputation in fine detail. But in pensive

moods he has often muttered doubts about the life he has spent bawling on the water.

"The money isn't worth the risk," he has said. "Racing an unlimited hydroplane is not an especially brainy business and there are a hundred easier ways to gain fame. I'm concerned about my 5-year-old son. When they ask him at school what his father does, he tells them I'm a race driver. At my age, I guess that sounds a little irresponsible."

Analyzing himself recently in a lighter mood, Muncey said, "I do not drink. I do not chase broads. I am basically a dull person." Fortunately for Thunderboating, Muncey usually is in one of his happier moods when he meets the press. When a reporter put a heady question to him last summer he paused, then said, "I am groping for a solid answer that will bore everybody." Another time, when a reporter asked him his height, Muncey replied, "If I'm happy I'm about 6' 4", if I'm miserable I'm about 5' 4". Actually I'm a soft 5' 9". God intended

to make me a big man but he ran out of parts."

After racing for a variety of owners and sponsors, Muncey last year bought out the three-time national champion racing team campaigned previously as Pay 'n Pak, and this year has operated it under the sponsorship of Atlas Van Lines. Before taking this costly plunge, Muncey reckoned he would have to average at least third place through the season to stand a chance of breaking even. Because his score for the season is five wins, two seconds, one third and a DNF, it is reasonable to conclude that he wound up in the black.

Despite his continued success, Muncey cannot help coloring it with his usual depreciation. At a banquet after he placed second in the 1976 Gold Cup at Detroit he said, "To think that I would own a racing team and also drive the boat is the craziest thing I have done yet. Now after a race I have no one to bitch to except myself." At the rate he's going, he may not need anyone for another decade. **END**

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A Bear in a bull market

FRED BEAR'S BOW AND ARROW COMPANY HAS 30% OF A MARKET THAT IS BOOMING. IN PART, BECAUSE OF BUSTS. QUOTH BEAR, 'BEAR BOWS BUILD BIGGER BUSTS'

There are some two million bow hunters in the U.S., and at least half that many more scattered around the globe. Most were gun hunters first, many still are. All share one desire: to meet the challenge of competing with an animal on intimate, demanding terms. There are no 300-yard shots in bow hunting. The longest are rarely more than 40 yards. Most are much less. At that range the archer ranks a poor second to the animal, and his weapon—cumbersome, clumsy to mount, slow to draw—is hardly an equalizer. For the man who hunts with a bow, the odds of achieving success are poorest. It is the joy of the experience he seeks, and it is in this that he finds his rewards. That philosophy has guided Fred Bear for most of his 74 years, and while he is not opposed to killing an animal when it is done legally and in fair chase, his life's work has been to promote the broader experience of hunting in which the kill is but one factor.

Bear became interested in archery in

1927 when he saw a film, *Alaskan Adventures*, chronicling a three-year hunting trip by the renowned Arthur Young in which he stalked and killed a giant Kodiak bear with a wood bow. From that moment on Fred Bear was consumed by bow hunting. Unable to buy satisfactory archery equipment in Detroit, where he lived, he began building his own. Archery might have continued to be only a hobby except for the fact that in 1933 the spare tire cover factory where he worked burned down and he found himself unemployed at the depth of the Depression. With about \$600 worth of equipment in his basement workshop, Bear went into the archery business.

At the time it was anything but a high-profit industry. A skilled bowmaker, working 14 hours, could expect to produce one wood bow. A comparably skilled arrow-maker might turn out five dozen arrows. Bear hired four leather workers to make quivers, armguards and private-label leather goods. Bear Arch-

ery's major source of income in those early days. Then, while his crew worked in Detroit, Bear went about the task of creating a market for his products. He traveled the sport-show circuit doing shooting exhibitions, competed in countless archery tournaments around the country, produced a library of films on bow hunting and spoke tirelessly at dinners and sports clubs.

"When the man with the big feet spoke," says one of his longtime associates, "people listened."

By 1947 the business had prospered to the point that Bear was able to build an 8,500-square-foot plant on the banks of the Au Sable River in Grayling, Mich. But he was still searching for a method to mass-produce bows. For this he needed a material that was stronger than wood and would not break or become fatigued in extreme cold. Fibreglas provided the breakthrough. After impregnating it with resin, Bear succeeded in laminating the combination to wood. The result was a bow that could be mass-produced at a reasonable cost, was stronger and more dependable than wood and yielded greater accuracy.

While developing the glass bow, working 14 to 16 hours at the plant and living in a tent on the banks of the Manistee River, Bear also found time to court a bride. Rather than postpone the marriage until they could afford more conventional living quarters, they honeymooned in the tent. "When Fred brought home guests," Henrietta Bear recalls, "he would toot the car horn the last mile through the woods to warn me that someone was coming."

Although they still have the property on the Manistee, the Bears have abandoned the tent that was home for the first two years of their marriage except in the deep of winter. They now live in a handsome ranch house overlooking a cove of the Au Sable on property adjacent to the factory. When he is not off on a hunt or at the office, where he still spends 12 to 14 hours a day, Bear can usually be found at a large picture window that looks out on a maze of bird and small animal feeders. He is no less fascinated by the tiny creatures that frequent his yard than by the larger ones he has stalked.

Although he is still the boss and the brains of Bear Archery, Bear sold the company eight years ago to Victor Comp-

continued



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soneter, which also owns Daisy air rifles and Heddon fishing tackle. Today Bear Archery is twice the size of its nearest competitor and accounts for 30% of all archery tackle sold in the world. Its remarkable growth in recent years reflects that of the archery industry as a whole. New and improved equipment, an increase in the number of people bow hunting and the re-establishment of archery at the Olympics, which revived interest in the sport at schools and colleges, have all contributed to the company's success.

"People are discovering that archery is fun," Bear says, "that it develops coordination, and that it is a sport for every member of the family."

It also develops other things. Over Bear's drafting table in his office is a picture of a topless beauty with a bow. The slogan under it reads: "If you are going to hunt, go Bear."

"Now if you look at that picture carefully," says Bear, "you'll see there's a message there. One reason so many young women are taking up archery these days is the Five Bs: Bear Bows Build Bigger Busts."

Elsewhere on Bear's office walls are the awards, honors and citations accumulated during his almost 50 years in the sport. Bear holds two first places in the Pope and Young Club, which is bow-hunting's equivalent of Boone & Crockett. No other archer holds more than one. In 1966 he was inducted into the Sporting Goods Hall of Fame, three years ago he was one of the original inductees into the Archery Hall of Fame, and that same year he was inducted into the Hunting Hall of Fame.

Bear's own accounts of his adventures have appeared in books and countless magazine articles, and a compilation of his journals of hunting trips around the world will be published by Doubleday next year. He is a frequent guest on television sports shows, and this winter he will have his own syndicated series, *The American Outdoors*.

Over the years Bear has made more than 20 hunting films covering such diverse quarry as polar bears in the Arctic, tigers in India and elephants in Africa. These are shown on a regular schedule in the theater of the Fred Bear Museum, located a mile and a half west of Grayling.

Each year more than 100,000 people visit the museum, which was built in 1967 and houses, in addition to the theater,



USING WHAT HE SELLS, BEAR HAS TAKEN A REMARKABLE NUMBER OF BIG GAME TROPHIES

the Archery Hall of Fame, a pro shop, a gift shop and an archery range. It is also the showcase for Bear Archery products. The real showcase, however, is the museum itself.

It contains many of the major trophies Bear has collected around the world as well as a remarkable assortment of artifacts that trace the history of archery back to its earliest origins. The museum's collection includes the bow, with its horn knobs and Irish-linen strings, used by Arthur Young on the Alaskan adventure that started Fred Bear's archery career.

Bear has taken more than 125 big game animals with the bow, enduring the considerable number of close calls to be expected in this form of hunting. In Mozambique, after successfully downing the second lion ever taken by a modern bowman (Arthur Young took the first in 1920), Bear found himself trapped in his blind from sunset until after midnight by the animal's mate. He was charged by a cape buffalo that missed him but succeeded in wrecking his hunting vehicle. In French Equatorial Africa, alone and on foot, he was surrounded by a herd of

browsing elephants. On two separate trips he was charged by polar bears which would not be stopped by the arrows he put into them. They were finally downed by rifle fire, one 12 paces and the other 25 paces from where he stood. He did eventually take a white bear with a bow (the rifle shots disqualified the first two as trophies) but only after a third expedition and 23 days on the polar ice cap. On another hunt he spent a long, cold night in a pine tree while a sow grizzly dug its claws into the bark a scant few inches below his feet.

"When she came running toward me, I went up that tree as far as I could," he says, "but it wasn't a very big tree and I'm a pretty long fellow. Every time I moved, she'd go hush hush hush and click those teeth. It turned cold and started to rain but she stayed there from dark until 8 o'clock the next morning. It's still true, though, that if you give a bear a chance to get out of your way, 90% of the time he will. There is something very special about bears. They're a very dignified animal. I guess that's why I love to hunt them."

END

The super supernumerary

EXPO JOSE MORALES, WHO KEEPS A BAT IN HIS BEDROOM, SEEMS CAPABLE OF PINCH HITTING IN HIS SLEEP. HE HAS A RECORD 25 BINGLES COMING OFF THE BENCH

Montreal's Jose Morales can now be called the most successful pinch hitter baseball has ever had. His teammates also call him That Man Jose, *Ese Hombre José*, the Masher and the Hit Man. All of which, he readily agrees, is better than being known as the Morales who isn't Jerry's brother.

Jose Morales, 31, regularly pinch-hits for the Expos. Jerry Morales, 27, is the Chicago Cubs' rightfielder and not Jose's kid brother. "My father has been married about three times and he was a shoe-maker going from door to door, so I have something like 18 half brothers and half sisters," Jose jokes. "Jerry tells everybody I'm his cousin, so that's what I say, too." With his alleged cousin Jerry watching from the Cubs' dugout, Jose assaulted the pinch-hitter's record book last week. In

one at-bat, Morales: (a) broke the major league record for pinch hits in a season with his 25th; (b) made a record-breaking 74th official appearance as a pinch hitter; (c) drove in his 22nd, 23rd and 24th runs as a pinch hitter, leaving him one RBI short of the big-league record; (d) was used for the 76th time as a pinch hitter—the record is 81; (e) moved one Jerry Park fan to ask if the Cubs' Morales is Jose's brother.

Morales hit a forkball from Chicago Pitcher Bruce Sutter into left field for a three-run double to break the pinch-hit record Baltimore's Dave Philley established in 1961 and St. Louis' Vic Davallo tied nine years later. It was his third attempt at No. 25, and naturally he was excited. Pulling up at second base, Morales turned and doffed his cap to the people in the left-field bleachers. Except there were no people in the left-field bleachers. "I was hoping nobody would notice that," he said.

Lately, there has been little about Morales that has gone unnoticed. "It gets so you think he's always going to get a hit," says Expo Pitcher Steve Rogers. Morales agrees. "I always expect something from me. The guys depend on me a lot. A pitcher can be throwing a good game and losing, and I have a chance of changing the game around." Morales has changed games around dramatically enough that seven of his RBIs have been game-winners, including the double off Sutter. He has had the decisive hit in one of every seven Montreal victories. He is the last-place Expos' only .300 hitter. He is, proportionately, the most productive hitter on the team. Nonetheless, he is a part-time player.

"It's a shame we can't find a spot to use him," says Montreal Manager Charlie Fox. "But we can't, and that's it." The ideal spot would be as a designated hitter, a man the National League so far has refused to add to its lineup. Nothing would delight Morales more than the league's adoption of the DH because he

could make more money and because his records, with pinch hitters in less demand, might stand forever. "Since I am known for hitting, that's the way I want it to be, so that it can't be broken," he says.

That he is not known for fielding has been the big stumbling block of his career. The first baseball glove the right-handed Morales had was a lefty first baseman's mitt that he turned inside out and that his mother, angered because he was always using it, tossed into the fire.

"I got it out, and there was a big hole in it," he says. "So I cut a piece of shoe sole and put it in the glove to plug the hole." As he labored through a decade in the minor leagues, scouts never became convinced that Morales actually had plugged the hole, and he continues to have the reputation—not totally undeserved—of good hit-no field. "Boxing gloves for hands but a super guy," is the way Reggie Jackson, briefly Morales' teammate at Oakland, puts it.

Morales signed with San Francisco in 1964 as a catcher because the Giants were looking for receivers at the tryout camp he attended in his native Virgin Islands. Since then, he has at various times also played first, third, left and right while compiling career batting averages of .312 in the majors and .281 in the minors. He made seven minor league stops before arriving in the big leagues with Oakland and eight before he became a fixture at Montreal.

"I made my talent by hard work and dedication," Morales says. "Some are born with it. I wasn't. At certain times this year, I couldn't believe myself. I said, 'Am I alive or what? Am I that good a hitter?' For a while he was. Heading into the All-Star break, he had seven pinch hits and a .241 average, then came out of his slump with an 8-for-10 tear, during which he had 10 runs batted in and two pinch homers. He slumped through late August and early September, but Expo Manager Karl Kuehl and his successor, Fox, were determined to use Morales daily, if necessary, once the records became reachable. In the Expos' 43 games between Aug. 6 and Sept. 16, he appeared as a pinch hitter 36 times. He went hitless 10 straight times before connecting for his 22nd. "The record, it had been going too easy," Morales says. "It's good to work for something. You enjoy it more. That's the way I was brought up."

At the start of the season, Morales set an impossible goal. He wanted 50 pinch

continued



MORALES HAS SEVEN GAME-WINNING HITS



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BASEBALL continued

hits. He had no idea what the record was, but he felt that 50 would do the job nicely. If his activity had been restricted to pinch-hitting, he might have come close to getting that number, but with an insipid offense, the Expos needed his bat badly. So Morales started half a dozen games here and half a dozen there, either at catcher or first base. As a "regular" he is batting .325.

Still, it is his pinch-hitting that keeps him in the big leagues. "It takes a special breed of cat who can walk off the bench cold like that and whack the ball," says Fox. Adds Morales, "It's been said that I'm a better hitter when I'm a pinch hitter than when I'm playing. To a certain extent, I'll go along with that. Pinch-hitting is more difficult, but when I have to play in the field, I concentrate so hard on not making errors that I take my hitting for granted."

As a youngster Morales often chopped his bats from bamboo stands with a machete. He always had one in his hand, and even now he and his bats are so inseparable that he keeps one near his bed every night. "When I wake up in the morning, I kind of wiggle it around to get the weight and feel of it," he says. "It's a habit. If you want to be good at something, you have to work at it. I work at being a pinch hitter. I want to be the best at the job in baseball."

Now, perhaps forever, he is.

THE WEEK

(Sept. 12-18)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST After Jim Barr of the Giants (6-1) had beaten the Reds for the third and fourth times this season, 3-1 and 4-2, Johnny Bench said, "They should only give him half the plate. He doesn't use the other half. He just keeps everything on the outside corner."

Cincinnati (3-4) got some good pitching of its own from rookie Pat Zachry (13-5), who stopped Los Angeles for the fifth time, 4-3, and from Rawly Eastwick, who rucked up his 22nd and 23rd saves. Don Gullett, beset all year by shoulder and contractual problems, mowed down the Dodgers 4-2 with a raved-up fastball. Pete Rose hit .394 and reached the 200-hit plateau for the eighth season, one short of Ty Cobb's record.

Los Angeles (4-6) got shutouts from Tommy John, who buoyed his hopes of earning the comeback-of-the-year award by beating

Cincinnati 9-0, and Don Sutton, who muzzled Atlanta 2-0. Anticipating his first 20-win season when he again faced the Braves later in the week, Sutton rented a suite and had champagne on ice. Despite extending his streak of shutout innings against Atlanta to 28, he did not have his party. Sutton left the scoreless game after 11 innings, and the Braves went on to win 1-0 on a passed ball in the 12th. In all, the busy Braves played six one-run games and took three of them.

"That isn't the real Bob Watson. Before the season is over I'll have my usual .300 average, about 15 home runs and 90 RBIs." So said Bob Watson of Houston (2-3) in June when he was slumping. True to his word, last week he raised his average to .310, hit his 16th homer and drove across his 96th run.

With the Padres (1-3) collapsing, talk in San Diego was of the team's minor-leaguers who won pennants for Hawaii, Amarillo, Texas, Reno, and Walla Walla, Wash.

CIN 95-55 LA 83-66 HOU 73-77
SF 70-81 SD 63-81 ATL 86-85

NL EAST Four, five, six, five, four, three, four—that was the day-by-day rundown on Philadelphia's lead over Pittsburgh. "To hell with fundamentals, team meetings, morale and all that jazz," said Mike Schmidt of the Phillies (4-3). "I'm going to worry about myself, get my hits and, if I contribute, fine." Schmidt was not really all that self-seeking, pointing out this was his way of "meeting the pressure. I hope nobody misunderstands." Making a perfectly clear, Schmidt slugged two homers in a 7-2 rout of Montreal. "You'll never get another hit off me," Tony Taylor, 40, was told by a former Phillie teammate, Picher Woodie Fryman, 36, now of the Expos. That night Taylor got a pinch RBI single off Fryman as the Phils rallied for a 3-2 win. After a two-base error led to a 4-3 loss to the Cubs, Novelist James Michener said, "I'm a Quaker and my wife's a Buddhist, and we joined in prayer for the Phillies. But it didn't work." The next day Steve Carlton (18-6) answered the Michener's prayers by stopping the Cubs 4-1.

"Ability gets you to the majors, mentality keeps you here," said Willie Stargell of the Pirates (4-3). "I'd say 80% of this game is from the neck up." A former head case, Bill Robinson, who has 16 RBIs against his former Phillie teammates this year, homered twice and drove in seven runs in 7-2, 7-6 wins in Philadelphia. "Why am I a late bloomer?" asked Robinson, 33. "I wasn't able to handle all the press I got when I was younger. I tried to hit a home run every time up. It nearly ruined me."

After Tom Seaver of the Mets (4-4) had baffled the Pirates 5-0 and 6-2, Stargell paid tribute to his fastball by saying, "We were lucky we weren't playing on a pasture if we had been, he might've started a brush fire."

Jerry Koosman became a 20-game winner for the first time in nine seasons. His 4-1 win over St. Louis was his 14th victory in his last 16 decisions, during which time he has had a 1.69 ERA.

St. Louis (16-3), which is 22nd in the majors in homers, hit seven last week. Other notable deeds: Tom Walker, who had just one save, preserved both ends of a doubleheader as the Cardinals, who had not taken a twin bill all year, swept two in four days. Bob Forsch, who failed to go the route 29 times, patched his first complete game, and John Denny beat New York 7-0 to lower his ERA to 2.56, second only to Seaver's 2.38.

Rick Reuschel and Ray Burns won their 13th games for Chicago (3-4). Montreal (2-6) clanked possession of the cellar.

PHIL 89-30 PIT 85-62 NY 78-70
CH 68-81 ST L 67-80 MONT 50-95

AL WEST

They played footsie in the West. Oakland Owner Charlie Finley opened his mouth and—no surprise—stuck his foot in it, and his players were, for a change, caught flat-footed on the base paths. The Royals also got tangled up while running the bases, but managed to put their best feet forward when a counted move. Finley first spoke up when he tried to woo five unsigned A's—Joe Rudi, Rolfe Fingers, Bert Campanero, Don Baylor and Gene Tenace—with new contracts. They all suited him down. Then, while watching the Royals drop a doubleheader to the White Sox, Finley gloated, "They're choking. The Sox sweep just give us the pennant." Not quite. Even though Vida Blue won his fourth and fifth games in a row and Mike Torrez his sixth straight, the A's (4-3) fell 5½ behind the Royals. Oakland, which has averaged better than two steals a game, had just one in three games against Texas (3-4). Cutting down the A's repeatedly was Ranger Catcher Jim Sundberg.

The Royals (5-3) ran themselves in and out of trouble. Tom Poquette, who should have gone from first to third on a single, was tagged out at second after hesitating on his way to third. But later that night he put his feet to better use, chasing down a low liner in left field with the bases loaded to preserve a 3-2 triumph over Chicago for Dennis Leonard (17-8). White Sox Pitcher Ken Brett picked three Royals off first in one game, but one of those base runners, Fred Patek, eluded a rundown and made it to second while Frank White scored from third with a vital run in a 6-5 victory. Brett, who earlier had stopped the Royals 5-4, wore an I LIKE GEORGE BRETT T shirt under his uniform and admitted, "I couldn't help smiling" each time brother George batted for K.C. George went three for nine against Ken last week. Also helping Kansas City rebuild its lead, which had shrunk to 3½ games on Wednesday, were a pair of five-hit vic-

tories by Marty Pattin and Andy Hassler. Still very much in the running for the batting title were Rod Carew (.331) and Lyman Bostock (.327) of Minnesota (3-4), who trailed Kansas City's Hal McRae (.335) and Brett (.333).

Although failing to hit a homer, California (4-4) clung to fourth place as Nolan Ryan zapped Kansas City 2-1 and Gary Ross blanked Minnesota 6-0.

Some Chicago (4-5) players seem to have gone years without a hit. But one who had actually been without one for more than a decade finally came through on his fourth time at bat this season. Fifty-three-year-old Designated Hitter Minnie Minoso, who recently was put on the roster as a Bill Veck publicity stunt, poked his first hit since 1964.

KC 66-63 OAK 60-68 MIN 76-75
CAL 69-81 TEX 67-81 CH 63-87

AL EAST

"When they get a hit off me I always ask for a new ball. Let the old one go back in the umpire's pocket and goof around with the other

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DAN FORD: "I remember and it gets me going," said the Twin outfielder of his inspired play against the A's, who traded him in 1974. Ford hit .478 and beat Oakland 4-0 with two two-run homers and 4-3 with a single.

balls. Maybe it'll come out as a pop-up." The author of that soliloquy? None other than Mark (The Bird) Fidrych of Detroit (2-5), who could not find any pop-up balls against Boston. He allowed seven runs before being yanked in the third inning of an 8-3 loss. Rusty Staub picked up his 2,000th career hit.

It was much the same story for New York (5-2) and Boston (5-2). Ed Figueroa (19-8) won twice and Graig Nettles hit two game-winning homers for the Yankees. For the Red Sox, it was Luis Tiant (29-11) winning twice and Blatch Hobson hitting two game-clinching homers. Lee May became the first Baltimore (5-1) player since 1970 to get 100 RBIs. Jim Kern notched his 14th save for Cleveland (2-4).

On A Salute to Hank Aaron Night, the Milwaukee (1-6) slogger told 40,383 fans, "This is the end for me." Aaron had asked that he not receive any expensive gifts, but the Brewers could not resist giving him a car. Thirteen of them piled into a battered vehicle from Crazy Jim's Demolition Derby. "It's a 1971 Torino Canard." Driver-Pitcher Jim Colborn said. "You roll it down a hill, and you canardly get it back up."

NY 91-35 BAL 7-66 CLE 7-73
BOS 72-76 DET 67-80 MIL 63-84

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ON THE THRONE BEHIND THE POWER

There lounges the enigmatic Herbert Muhammad, son of Elijah and manager of Muhammad Ali, doing business on the phone. If he is so "dull, dull, dull," why is he so frightening?

BY MARK KRAM



Glance at a man, and you find his nationality written on his face, his means of livelihood on his hands, and the rest of his story in his gait, his mannerisms, shoelaces and in the lint adhering to his clothes. So insisted Dr. Joseph Bell, the Edinburgh surgeon who taught Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and was the real-life model for Sherlock Holmes. "The trouble with most people is that they see, but do not observe," the doctor used to say, while lecturing doggedly on the vast importance of little distinctions, the endless significance of trifles. He himself could detect from a man's hat that his wife did not love him, from a man's cane that he feared being murdered. Nothing much got by Dr. Bell, but it would be long odds that he could unravel Herbert Muhammad.

If you had not seen him before, not known what he does, what would observation tell of Herbert as he sits in his apartment overlooking New York's Central Park? His handshake is limp, his hand is soft. He is black—a smooth, sort of bloodless black. There is no hair, except

for his mustache and neatly barbered sideburns. There is no joy in his eyes—or sorrow—nor is there anything sinister in them, either. When he gets up, his gait is slow and weary, that of a man who is not physical, or at least of a man who does not like to walk. His tie is quiet, his suit plain and slightly baggy. You can tell he must be a prodigious eater, for he is a very round man—the kind of roundness that bears witness to long and determined dining. No shoelaces. No lint. What to make of him, Dr. Bell? Who is Herbert Muhammad, and why are people saying such awful things about him?

A good question, one that a lot of people have been asking for more than a decade now. "Herbert is the invisible man," says an old friend. "Has been for years. Sometimes you think you see something, but look back and all you have is a three-piece suit and a hat, brim up, pushed down over a pair of eyes." Others think of him as a grown-up member of Our Gang, or maybe a King Farouk. The more erudite liken him to certain subatomic particles that cannot be seen even

continued

through the most powerful of microscopes; their existence is known only by their effects. With Herbert, two effects are always apparent: fear and silence.

Herbert Muhammad is the force behind the most easily recognizable figure of our time—Muhammad Ali, a man who will have earned \$50 million before his career ends, \$15.5 million this year alone. As a boxing manager, Herbert is anti-thetic to the breed. He doesn't smoke a big cigar, he uses no unpleasant names for his fighter, and he displays an almost complete lack of knowledge of the ring; he may know that there are three minutes in each round, but that's it, say some Herbert watchers. The one thing Herbert does know is money; he knows the little traps hidden in a deal and can shoot the eyes out of a bad one while half asleep. Ali needs a Herbert Muhammad.

No better description of Herbert's style can be given than that which evolved out of a phone conversation between him and Don King, once the exclusive promoter of Ali. As usual, King was doing most of the talking. Frustrated, he finally began to spin a parable with the passion of a stumping preacher.

"Ever hear of the lion," he roared on the phone, "who was so powerful that he couldn't hunt no more because all those other animals were wise to him? He can't get a meal anywhere. So he comes across this zebra, and he says, 'Zebra, huntin' is pretty slim out there. But if the two of us combine our talent, we could make all these other animals a real bonanza for us. With your speed and my power—you round 'em up and I knock 'em out—we gonna have all we want, all the booty we want.' So the two became partners, and business was great. And after a couple of weeks, the lion and the zebra are sittin' around the fireplace at night, and the lion says, 'Brother Zebra, you sure did a good job for us. How we gonna split up this booty?' The zebra says, 'We both worked, my speed and agility, your power and cunning—I think 50-50 would be fair.' Now, ya know what happened? The lion jumped on the zebra and ate him up."

King went on, and now the lion has struck a deal with a wolf, who "howls in the dark of night." The lion and the wolf go to work. The two acquire twice as much as the lion and zebra did, and once more the lion is surveying the spoils, sat-

continued

'NOBODY HAS THIS KIND OF CROWD'

They are all gathered in the suite in Munich—the one who tastes the sweat on the champ's body; the one who licks the champ's mouthpiece, the keeper of the lists; the keeper of the heavy bag; the Raphael of the side deal—all of them standing there as if they were blind men on the streets of Calcutta, sensing that their tin cups are about to be smashed. The air is tense, the breathing heavy as Muhammad Ali, at ease in his bed, first searches the room with his eyes, then speaks.

"You, Bundini?" yells Ali, who had called the meeting after he heard about soaring hotel bills. "Bundini, how many phone calls can you make in a day? How many meals can you eat?"

"That's right, Champ!" wails the Amen Man, Jeremiah Shabazz. "Go on, Brother."

"Aliin, Champ," moans Bundini, his eyes filling with tears. "Whyyyyy, Champ, you pick on Bundini?"

"I feed you niggers," Ali goes on. "I take you all over the world. You see places. You learn things. Never been anywhere in your life. You treat me like this."

"That's right, right!" echoes Jeremiah.

"A lotta sausage enters 'round here who don't tell the truth," says Walter Youngblood, an earnest man, a Muslim and an assistant trainer.

"Who you talkin' about?" asks Ali. Youngblood remains silent. Ali screams, "What kind of friend are you? You make a statement and then don't tell me who you mean."

Youngblood is furious and genuinely ready to rumble with Ali. He takes off his jacket.

"Come on over, sucker!" shouts Ali.



Gene Kilroy: white Red Cap and converge



Lloyd Wells: hotel bills and rooms

"Come here, and I'll throw you out the window." He suddenly smiles; he is calming down now. "Look, fellas," he says. "I don't mind you eatin'. You want three steaks for dinner, get three steaks. I don't want anybody goin' hungry. But I don't wantcha wastin' food. Sendin' food back." The audience relaxes.

"Another thing," says Ali. "You can't be callin' New York and Chicago and L.A. every minute. I don't mind a man callin' his wife and kids once a day. Five minutes on each call, all right. I git homesick myself."

Says Ali, laser, "Nobody has this kind of crowd around him. Not even Frank Sinatra or Elvis Presley. That's because I have a genius for a manager—Herbert Muhammad." Shaking his head solemnly, the genius only says, "I find it all rather regrettable."

A burden for promoters, the Ali entourage—whose table manners and conduct have been deplored in the ornate dining rooms and lobbies of some of Europe's grandest hotels—is a study in every human excess, a phenomenon of the attraction of power.

"These people," says Herbert, "are like a little town for Ali. He is the sheriff, the judge, the mayor and the treasurer. And he is more merciful than just. He believes in forgiveness. If he stressed justice, there wouldn't be anybody around."

Ali's town is divided into three categories: the workers, the hangers-on and the groupies. Not among these: Cassius Clay Sr., magnanimous and oddly charming Old Cash, whose first target in any city is the piano bar, where he sings *My Way* over and over, and is fond of saying, "If it weren't for Old Cash,

there ain't no AE"; the genial and lovely Odessa Clay, Ali's mother, strolling placidly about in her big, flowered dresses; and the eccentric brother, Rahman Ali, formerly known as Rudy, who likes to sit in hotel lobbies wearing a bright track suit and a fez, listening to tape decks and signing autographs from midafternoon to three in the morning—the lobby is then empty, the pen is still in his hand.

Rahman is a case—in point, that is. An ex-fighter, Rahman simultaneously aggravated the champ's artistic sensibilities and his great heart; having watched him one evening eating a banquet table of left hooks, Ali turned to Angelo Dundee and said, "That's it. Get him outta there forever. I don't want him fightin' again, I'll take care of him." Herbert says, "Anybody would do that for a brother, but it says more than that. You see, Ali would go for the devil if he was an underdog." Another who has known Ali for years says, "You don't have to be brilliant to hustle Ali. He's a setup. He's a giving man." Says Lloyd Wells, whose own status lacked definition until he was put in charge of hotel bills and rooms, "These are professional hang-on-here. We get the best in the business."

Ali's payroll for the workers is about \$70,000 a fight, yet there is that old question when money is being divided in boxing: What does he do? Angelo Dundee, the only pure boxing man in the camp, is the nominal trainer cum propagandist. Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, familiar with the English language and etiquette, is medical caretaker in the corner. Luis Serrin, the silent, meditative old Cuban, is the gifted masseur. Then there are Youngblood, who tastes the sweat and watches the equipment, and Bundits Brown (who often ticks the mouthpiece), the other assistant trainer.

Moving on, there is Pat Patterson, the Chicago cop with his pearl-handled heater, who is the security. There is Gene Kilroy, the white Red Cap and concierge; C. B. Atkins, also out of Chicago, who would make a deal for a ton of dead mosquitoes if he could see a dollar in it; and finally Shabazz, the Cromwell of the grotesquerie, the administrative assistant, the intelligent, quick, forever whispering Amen Man who used to run a Muslim mosque in Philadelphia. Come fight night, Ali's corner is a zoo, with jobs and egos and neuroses banging into each other.

Out of the ring, the struggle goes on like one of those old European wars, and hardly anyone is spared. "Look at Angelo, big-shot trainer," says one. "Didn't even have a shower for Ali after the Masala fight." "I build Ali up to condition," says another, "and Wells tears it all down." "If the champ ever sees Bundits put his tongue on his mouthpiece," someone else says, "that will be all for big mouth. Champ's funny 'bout those things." Do you "hear a hiss when Shabazz is around?" a worker asks.

Climbing all over each other like crabs trying to get out of a can, some of the workers will do anything to impress Ali. They will argue over who will take the heavy bag to the gym, who is going to ride in Ali's limousine, who will take off the champ's shoes—usually the specific duty of Bala, the Malaysian body servant whom Ali found in Kuala Lumpur, got to like, and gave \$15,000 to go to hotel school in Germany. Who can forget that scene at the gym in Munich when Ali was working on the light bag? The bag's upper support was weighted down with plastic bags filled with sand to keep it steady. As Ali hit the bag, the sand dribbled onto the floor, and two workers, like wild insects, dived to clean it up, one saying to the other, "Get away from me, boy. I'm handlin' this mess."

Beyond the workers are the hangers-on and



Luis Serrin: meditative masseur



Walter Youngblood: taster of the sweat

him around the world, certain he will one day marry her. "It is in the stars," she says confidently. And the show goes on—a carnival of T-shirts and buttons, once the exclusive corner of Bundits, who has since sold his T-shirt business, supposedly for \$100,000.

"I'm powerless," says Herbert Muhammad, aware that when he fires someone, Ali hires him right back; aware that his own position is constantly under siege in this unending Byzantine nightmare.

Ali himself is aware, too, seems to yearn for an answer other than "yes."

"Angelo," he once said, "you're white. You're not a Muslim. You don't depend on me to survive. Tell me how I look. Say it!"

Correctly, but ironically, Angelo squeaked, "Great, Champ! Just great!" MARK KRAM

groups. It is hard to draw a bead on them, but they are in full swarm before a fight, under one pretense or another, always with some sale for Ali, eyes always sharp for a loose hundred or two suddenly dropping from the champ's largess, ears pricked for the clanking of a side deal to be made. Some of these hang-on are from Ali's boyhood—like fat Ed Hughes, who massages the champ's scalp and makes all the trips because, it is said, he once fell off Ali's bike, hurt his leg, and the champ has never stopped feeling guilty about it. A few helped Ali when he was in exile, and he always told them, "You're payin' your insurance. I don't forget."

With some pain, much patience and a bit of sadistic pleasure, Ali sits back and watches it all like a munificent cardinal, playing one against the other, dispensing his goodwill to the counselors of the realm and the heart, to the advisers on the martial arts—right down to a gentle hello to the poor little rich girl from the South who has followed



Dr. Ferdie Pacheco: medical caretaker

ting there, picking his teeth. "Brother Wolf," he says, "you did a tremendous job. You worked 24 hours a day, you're a real hustler. Now how we gonna split up all this booty?" The wolf, recognizing the lion's superiority, said he thought 60-40 would be all right with him. The lion jumps on the wolf and eats him up. Then the lion, who is soon hungry again, goes to Brother Fox. The fox is reluctant to deal with the lion, but he is pressed hard. The lion and the fox are immense successes in their hunt, garnering 10 times more than the lion ever did before. The lion is elated and says, "Brother Fox, you truly a hustler, you really know what you're doing. Now how we gonna split up this pile of booty, old brother?" The fox rummages through the pile and takes out a leg of lamb. "I'll take this," he says, "and you can have the rest."

"Brother Fox," says the lion, "where did you learn to be so fair?"

Looking in the direction of the fire, the fox says, "From those shiny bones over there of Brother Zebra and Brother Wolf!"

King's bluster and comic charm might have eased the sting of that little tale, but the implication was clear: Herbert was the boss, and a greedy one at that. It was obvious that King had thought that Herbert needed him, that he did all the work with Ali, that he was obtaining the incredible purses for him, yet he was willing to settle for scraps from Herbert; he merely wanted to be appreciated by Herbert. The two would later part company, but looking back now at that conversation, one remembers the sudden jolt from hearing Herbert Muhammad being spoken to in such a manner. For Herbert had always been a remote figure, forever changing his phone numbers, always off to one of his many houses or apartments around the world, refusing to be interviewed, Herbert was creepy, man, so the word went. Leave him be.

"Why write about Herbert?" a Muslim asked last May during a taxi ride to the stadium in Munich where Ali was to fight Richard Dunn in the early-morning hours.

"Because Herbert is the man who makes the deals," the Muslim was told, "the biggest deals in the history of sport for one athlete."

"Forget about him," the Muslim said.

"It's not worth it. All you get is trouble."

"What kind of trouble?"

"The worst kind," he said, almost whispering.

"Hey, nobody's here in the taxi except the two of us. You can talk."

"No, I can't," he said. "Herbert is everywhere."

When he is not "everywhere," Herbert, 48, lives with his wife in a big house in Chicago's Woodlawn section near the University of Chicago. Ali has recently bought a house down the street from him. Designed by an Arabian architect, there is a heavy Middle Eastern ambience to Herbert's home; it is filled with exotic rugs and pictures and things like flowers on the backs of camel statuary and strange candelabra. Across the street from Herbert's is the house of his late father, Elijah, where his older brother and leader of the Muslims, Wallace D. Muhammad, now lives (Herbert's other two brothers occupy the houses next to him). "All of his spare time," a friend says of Herbert, "is spent supervising alterations on his house. He never stops making it over. He seems to get a kick out of it."

Herbert, who is known universally by his first name, lives quietly, seldom entertaining at home. He does not have many visitors, except for his five sons, all of whom are married. He spends a lot of time reading from his extensive library—mostly works on philosophy, economics and religion—which includes some extremely rare volumes. Often, when he has lectured Ali, the champion would say, "Hey, that's great stuff. Where you learn that?" Herbert would tell him that it came from one of his books, and Ali would ask to borrow it. "Can't do it; it's too rare, Judge," Herbert would say.

Herbert is out of the house by 7 a.m., usually in a dark suit, off to work—most of which is done over two phones in his Cadillac. Nobody seems to know much about his private life, other than that "he chooses his friends very carefully," and seems to be forever on a diet. "He loves to eat," says a friend named Hassan, "but when he has to give up something he loves, I've never seen anybody with more willpower." Herbert is just as stubborn about his privacy.

"I don't want people comin' up to me while I'm at dinner," says Herbert, who

doesn't like to be startled by the sudden appearance of a strange face (he is well-protected at fights). "Most of the world thinks Angelo Dundee is the manager of Ali. When I go to a town, I have to call up Angelo to get me into places. But that's fine with me. I only care if Ali and the bank know me."

Mystery implies romance—but not so with Herbert. "You can sum up Herbert in three words on the head of a pin—dull, dull and dull," says a man who has had dealings with him. That must be a comforting description for someone who has spent most of his life caught in the web of intrigue and accusation, who has been hounded by the dogs of white justice. "We've never had a day's rest," he says. "I've had more bugs put in my rooms and on my phones. Privacy was just a word to me." Herbert was not just a boxing manager back then. He was a prince of the Nation of Islam, the Black Muslims, the son of Elijah Muhammad, the leader of the sect that made a lot of whites, as well as blacks, cringe at what might be hiding behind a phrase like "white devil."

Images of the Mau Mau, of crazed storm troopers, of bloodbaths were widespread in the racially bitter '60s. Overreaction, maybe, but there was no question that Elijah, the Messenger of Allah, never leaving his compound in Chicago, enforced iron discipline among his people, preached and imposed separatism and militancy. The Black Muslims had two faces. One suggested a placid, committed people determined to exist by means of their will and acumen; they had their own successful businesses—fish stores, bakeries, farms, etc. The other face spread fear in the form of the Fruit of Islam, a coarse, rude and humorless elite corps who wore black leather gloves and overcoats; all of them knew judo.

"Exaggeration," says Herbert now. "My father was not a violent man. He was gentle. He fought hard to make the black man proud of himself. I saw my father fight off all kinds of people. I saw them come and go." In many ways Herbert is much like his father, who was serious and formal, a man who kept a close watch on his time. Herbert does not abide fools or crackpots for long, either. "Herbert did what his father liked," says Hassan. "He communicated well with his fa-

continued

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ON THE THRONE continued

ther. There's a lot of Elijah in Herbert. He never bucked his father on anything." Once Elijah walked into the family garage and saw Herbert, then a young boy, punching a speed bag. Elijah delivered a stern lecture. "I don't want you around the ring, boxing for any little fat white man with a big cigar," he said. "Don't be around any sports world. Sport is the ruin of our people. Turns them into children who're used and then left broken. Stay out of it."

Herbert's youth was uneventful, except when he was 18. He was working at his first job, painting numbers on office doors, when he was arrested for failing to register for the draft; beginning with Elijah, who did four years in the pen for draft resistance, contempt for the draft runs in the family. Later, Herbert ran a Muslim bakery, the Muslim newspaper *Elijah Speaks* and a photography studio where he did portraits of Nasser, Martin Luther King Jr., Roy Wilkins and others. "Photography—I'm crazy about it," says Herbert. "I wish I could do it again. I like to play with light and shadows. To develop pictures. See the wrinkles in an old man's face coming out." It was in his studio that Herbert first met Cassius Clay in the early '60s, and no two men working together would ever be more dissimilar.

Clay was not Ali yet but had been recruited for the Muslims by Malcolm X. At the time, the white Louisville syndicate owned Clay's contract. Impressed by Herbert, Clay the convert also knew the advantage of being allied with a member of the "Royal Family," and kept after Herbert to manage him. Herbert was wary of his father and of his views on sports—boxing, in particular. After Clay beat Sonny Liston for the title and became Muhammad Ali, the Louisville syndicate was out. Herbert became the closet manager, seldom seen or heard, except in the hushed hallways of hotels, whispering to other Muslims. Soon Ali made Malcolm X an ex-friend and ex-confidant. Told to be "responsible" by Malcolm (who had broken with the Muslims over ideological differences) before going on a trip to Africa with Herbert, Ali said, "Malcolm didn't seem too responsible to me. Man, did you get a look at him? Dressed in that funny white robe and wearing a beard, and walking with

that came that looked like a prophet's stick. Man, he's gone. He's gone so far he's out completely."

Turning to Herbert, he then said, "Doesn't that go to show, Herbert, that Elijah is the most powerful? Nobody listens to that Malcolm anymore."

Herbert became Ali's manager officially in 1966. By this time, Malcolm X had been murdered, and the lover of photography came to despise being photographed. Herbert had a firm grip on Ali and tried to work on Ali's image, to bring it just a bit closer to Herbert's own conservative nature. The Ali Shuffle, which was introduced against Cleveland Williams in Houston, was forbidden. "It didn't add anything," said Herbert. Ali called Emile Terrell an Uncle Tom, and Herbert zipped his mouth. And it was Herbert who urged Ali, who was alarmed at the heavy taxes he had to pay and fearful (even now) of becoming another Joe Louis, to fight more often. "Standard Oil doesn't try to sell a small amount of oil each year," Herbert told him.

At the time, two questions persisted in the white press: Were the Muslims bleeding Ali white financially, and had Ali been coerced into refusing to be inducted into the Army? "We never took a dime from Ali," Herbert says now. "He made and still makes donations to the religion, but no more than, say, Catholics or others give to their churches." As for the draft, Herbert says, "Nobody put any pressure on Ali. He made his decision independently. He was a Muslim. He loved my father." Ask those two questions of those who have been around Herbert and Ali, and the responses are all the same: silence. The awful things being said about Herbert Muhammad are the things that are not being said.

"Why don't your friends set the record straight?" Herbert is asked. "You say one thing; why don't they say the same thing, if that's the way it was? Why don't they say anything?"

"People are funny," says Herbert. "Maybe they don't want to get involved. Maybe they're afraid what they say will be misinterpreted."

Take the exile, for example, when Ali's passport had been picked up, and the patriots barred him from fighting because of his stance on the draft. Ali's legal fees had wiped him out. There was still the

money that the Louisville group had put in trust for him—15% of all his earnings. Ali tried desperately to get to this money, but he was not legally entitled to it until he was 35. He borrowed heavily—even down to \$10 and \$20 bills—from his friends. Where were the Muslims and Herbert, who had taken a handsome 40% of all Ali's earnings? "We gave him money, did a lot of things for him," says Herbert, who used to have to meet Ali in secret on street corners when Ali was suspended from the Muslims by Elijah because he persisted in boxing. What sort of things? "That's between Ali and me."

The Ali-Herbert union is curious, unique and exemplary in the ring, or for that matter, in the entertainment business, the two really have nothing in common, except their religion. Ali is a public person, grows restless without the stage; Herbert is private, Ali has no regard for money; Herbert seems to care for little else. Ali is genuinely kind and giving; Herbert is often seen as cold and ruthless. Ali is a physical creature, will be all his life; Herbert is exquisitely sedentary. In the past, there were no notable rows between the two, hardly any harsh words. But Herbert was angry after the fight with Jimmy Young, berating Ali—rightly so—for his poor physical condition, describing him as a disgrace, and yelling at him behind closed doors. "From now on, you're going to listen to me."

Girls and sweets are Ali's implacable temptations. "I can't watch him forever," says Herbert. "Like he says: 'Herbert, you got to sleep sometime, and at night I can get out.' " Most of the time Herbert is an absentee manager. He comes into a town before a fight, and stays in a hotel far from Ali's, while those he has hired to watch the champ cater to his desires. Early on, Herbert was a fixture in Ali's corner, but now the only time you see him is when he takes a seat below it. There he sits with a water bottle in front of him, shifting nervously while the wild dollar arithmetic of Ali's future spins through his head; sometimes he walks out in disgust or fright, as he did in the Young fight before the decision was announced. "I was scared, real scared," says Herbert. "Ali says he's never been more scared in his life."

On the surface, nothing seems to have

snailed their relationship. "It's clear between the two of us," says Herbert. "Ali told me, 'Look, Judge, I'll handle the boxing, you handle the lawyers and the promoters.' That's the way it is." Herbert is sensitive to Ali, he is aware of his antipathetic attitudes, so they call each other Judge. Look beneath the surface, though, and you sense unrest, strain in their union. Among the causes are the tarnishing of Ali's name after his bout with the wrestler in Tokyo and the ultimate size of the purse, the frequency of Ali's fights, which he feels indicates panic and greed on Herbert's part as the two of them approach the end of Ali's career.

"Champ," one of Ali's people said to him while Ali was in a California hospital recovering from blood clots in his legs caused by the wrestler's kicks. "Champ, don't you think that a man who is getting one third of all you make, don't ya think he should be here with you? Does he care?" The man, of course, was Herbert, who gets a third as his end of the money now. Ali did not answer, but later complained angrily over the phone that he wound up with only \$1.4 million of the \$3 million guaranteed in the Tokyo contract. "Ali is unhappy," says Don King. "He says at least he got all his money when I was don't the promotin'." If Ali is disturbed—he has not said anything publicly—it would add credence to the widely held belief by insiders that the death of Elijah set him free, that he is his own man now, that no longer can the name of Elijah be invoked to make him step smartly into line.

Herbert hates conflict, yet such talk does not bother him. "I was heartbroken over Tokyo," he says. "But I would do it again. All that money for an exhibition. How can you turn it down? But the event got out of hand and became dangerous. And I still don't believe Ali was publicly damaged. His fame is beyond that. As for the money, I'll take the blame. It was the first time that I did not get all the money up front and in the bank. It was a mistake." Herbert is aware of those who are trying to undermine him. "Go ask Ali one thing," he says. "Ask what he'd do if he had a problem and I wasn't around. He'd find me if he had to spend \$10,000 in phone bills."

Herbert says there have been a number of fights he never wanted to take. Ali

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ON THE THRONE continued

makes these decisions, Herbert says, pointing out that he told Ali after the Ron Lyle bout. "Maybe you ought to pack it in, get out of the game ahead," says Mickey Duff, a London promoter, "Herbert's being smart. He has to fight Ali a lot. Ali away from the ring would be his own worst enemy. At this stage of his career, with his tastes and money habits, long absences from the ring would be terrible. Ali stays in shape by fighting. It's that simple." Herbert speaks bluntly of Ali's financial condition, noting that he will net about \$7.5 million after taxes this year, about \$3 or \$4 million after other expenses. He says Ali is in fine shape with Internal Revenue, that there is no reason why he should end up like Joe Louis.

"Look, I can't lock up his money," says Herbert. "I wish I could have done what the Louisville group did—take that 15%. They had a good job for Ali. But I can't do that. I'd look to Ali like I'm interfering, that I'm the boss getting in the way of his money."

"Is his future secure?" Herbert is asked.

"Yeah," he says. "Ali's got about \$4 million in property, and he could live off that alone."

"Why is he afraid of becoming another Joe Louis?"

"I don't know," Herbert says, "but I'll tell you this. I got \$1 million in municipal bonds. I'd give it all to him, before I see him go broke. He go broke—I go broke."

For some, Herbert's sincerity is undeniable, while others pass over what he says and look at Herbert as a businessman. "A man who has made \$38 million," says one, "should now be worth close to \$100 million, with sound investments and good business direction. Ali's real estate isn't worth much, probably less than half of what he paid for it. The Deer Lake camp, for instance, is totally unattractive as real estate. He always comes up way short in deals he makes. His friends get something for \$1 and sell it to him for \$2. Some friends. Another thing—no good tax shelters have been set up for him." Is Herbert at fault here? Hardly, it seems, for he is not a money manager; he is the man who brings in the deals, sees to it that Ali gets every cent coming to him. Nobody tells Ali what to do

anymore, especially with his money.

Before Herbert came along, the promoter was the man who wielded the mackerel, usually slapping fighters and managers in the face with it. For all his great power at the gate and his magnificence, Joe Louis took orders from Mike Jacobs. Al Weill, who was a matchmaker as well as a manager, dictated to Rocky Marciano and his camp; he never referred to Rocky by name or even by "champ." He always could be heard saying, "Git the fighter in here; tell the bum I wanna see 'im." Herbert tells promoters what to do. "I don't owe them anything," he says. "I don't work for promoters. I work for one man—Muhammad Ali. I answer to him. It's my job to get the money for him, and if I don't, he has a right to know why."

Even so, Herbert seems to have blundered in the Tokyo bout and there were a lot of rough edges around the Dunn fight. Both events took place after Herbert left Don King for his old promoter, Bob Arum. Arum says he was not the promoter in either fight, just the television conduit. "The German promoters," says Herbert, "reflect what's wrong with a lot of promoters. They were so eager, they were dreamers. They overpaid for a fight, and then they suffered. Look, it's simple; if you can't handle your business, you don't belong on the other side of the table with me." A stubborn and proud negotiator, Herbert does not bend easily to ultimatums, as Promoter Jerry Perenchio discovered. "He made a good offer for the Zaire fight," says Herbert, "and then he said, 'That's it, you're not going to get one cent more, and nobody else will give it to you, either.' Well, that made me determined to teach him a lesson." Offstage was Don King—with a few million more.

How Herbert handled King sharply defines the views, the thinking of Ali's manager. Before the entrance of King, it was clear that Herbert had become restless. He was looking for a way to unload Arum, his longtime confederate, who had annoyed Herbert by suddenly moving "out front too much." King had also sold Herbert on his blackness, saying that Arum did not care about blacks or Ali, that the Muslims, of all people, should give a black man his chance to promote Ali. Herbert was amused by King—also

continued

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quite skeptical—but he decided to gamble that King could deliver. Under pressure all the way, King got the money for the Zaire fight, and from then on the two collaborated on seven title bouts; eager to please Herbert and Ali, King inflated the market to a preposterous level.

"The pace became deadly," King says now. "More and more fights, no time to promote in between. I wasn't through with one fight when I had to find money for the next one. Herbert never leaned on a white promoter like he leaned on me, threatening always to go elsewhere if I didn't get what he wanted. I performed for Herbert and Ali, and they tossed me aside like a bum. Not the slightest loyalty."

As the fights went on, those around Herbert knew that King's promotional head would end up in a basket. As far as Herbert was concerned, King had taken his ego and twisted it into his own future as if it were a knife. King had become too big, upstaging Ali in the press and on television, until Herbert was certain the public believed King was the man behind Ali. In Malaysia, when Ali said he was going to retire, King innocently told the press, "No, he won't. I'm going over there now and untire him." The comment enraged Herbert; he confided, "He's going to have to go." After that, Herbert used King brilliantly for five more fights, then went to Arum and Madison Square Garden for the lucrative Ken Norton-Ali fight in Yankee Stadium next week. King had worked toward this event, had sacrificed money (the huge purses left him little) for promotional continuity with Ali and Herbert, but the two of them had summarily turned him out. Did Ali, a highly sensitive athlete, loyal beyond belief, come to King's defense? "Herbert makes my business decisions," says Ali.

Herbert says, "Don King was never the exclusive promoter of Ali. I never worked for him. I don't owe him anything. I owe only Ali; I must be loyal only to him, to do the best I can do for him. King says he made millions for us. Well, where did he get the money? He never gave us anything. He could have had the Norton fight. I gave him more time than I would give any promoter to come up with the money. But he came up with it too late. We wanted a deal.

We couldn't wait for him forever. As for him being black, I don't believe in any fight game around Ali being black or white. Ali is universal."

Two words are always used to describe Herbert: ruthless and fair. "I've never seen a fairer man," says Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, the physician in Ali's corner. "Before the Tokyo fight, there were the old gripes, the blacks in the corner complaining about the whites in the corner. I went to Herbert and said, 'Herbert, we're not going to go through this old routine again.' And Herbert said, 'Tell me who's starting this stuff, and I'll straighten him out.'" Mickey Duff remembers: "I once got Ali an advertising spot in Germany years ago. I wasn't making much money then, and I asked the key man in Ali's camp for my commission, about \$250. He didn't want to pay me, but Herbert was standing right there and said, 'Look, give him the money, he earned it.'" The consensus is that "if Herbert owes you money, you get it"—without begging; he is aware of the dignity of those who work for him.

The dispute with King underlines a major concern of Herbert's. He wants his role with Ali clarified, to be put into perspective. He did not like Ali's autobiographical book, and bucked the writer, Richard Durham, all the way. "For one thing," Herbert says, "I don't think it's a good book. Secondly, it doesn't really explain my role. A book lasts a long time. It's on a shelf forever. I want my children to know what I did for my one third of Ali's money." He opposes the script of the forthcoming movie of Ali's life—*The Greatest*—on the same grounds. "The role for Herbert can be made bigger," says a man from Columbia Pictures. "But what do you do with a guy who has been so antipublicity? No television interviews, no press interviews, no pictures, nothing. What do you have to go on? He can't be both anonymous and public." Yet, like the Muslims themselves, Herbert is trying to become more visible, trying hard to alter his image as the secret man of the secret people.

The Muslims, too, do not appear to be as guarded, as sinister as they once were. Since Wallace D. Muhammad has become the leader of the Muslims, they seem nearly ecumenical as they search for the American mainstream. They no

longer like being called Black Muslims—just Muslims. They have opened their religion to whites. They have declared sports and boxing permissible, defining them as a luxury. The once terrifying Fruit of Islam has been dismantled, so they say, and the trend is toward the spiritual rather than the material. "My father believed in materialism as bait for our people," says Herbert. "He wanted to show them that they, too, could acquire things through hard work and enterprise." He might also add that the once-profitable bakeries and fish stores are no longer prosperous, leaving the Muslims in financial trouble.

It is unlikely that Herbert himself will ever be in need of money. With much nerve and the hottest property in the world—created by the slide of political events and the growing voice of the Third World that so idolizes Ali—Herbert has become rich. In the end, what can be said of him and his work? The silence around him is a roar. He is ruthless, not an uncommon trait among men of success. He is fair, and he does not appear greedy. He only does what any manager should and must do: protect his fighter.

A man like Herbert—off his record, the smartest manager who ever lived—creates enemies, and it is doubtful that he could ever do anything to dispel the animus swirling about him, or those old speculations that never will die: (1) Ali has been raped financially by the Muslims; (2) Ali is held by the Muslims through terror. Both seem grossly incorrect, but only Ali knows the truth.

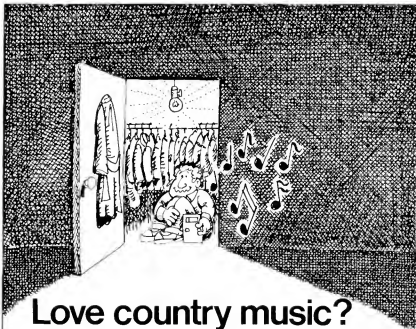
Who is Herbert Muhammad? The question nags, making one feel like the eminently deductive Dr. Bell when he was called upon by his students to relate a story of his genius.

Visiting a bedridden patient, Dr. Bell said, he had asked the man, "Aren't you a handsman?"

"Aye," the man had said.

"You see, gentlemen, I am right," Dr. Bell had said, recounting how he had turned to his class with confidence. "It is quite simple. This man had a paralysis of the cheek muscles, the result of too much blowing at wind instruments. We need only to confirm. What instrument do you play, my man?"

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 13-19

BOATING—**BREXTON HENN** of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., owner of a firm of "adobe" drive-in theaters, won the 10th-mile San Francisco Offshore Powerboat Race at an average speed of 54.6 mph, finishing two minutes ahead of Rocky, skipper of Englewood City's, N.E. Henn, in his 10-minute, 30-foot Bertram, powered by two 482-cu.-in. MerCruiser engines. Henn had to overcome malfunctions in the craft's hydraulic steering system.

John "Red" TEACHER, piloting Olympia Star, won the \$10,000 21st Diego Unleashed Hydroplane Regatta, co-sponsored by San Diego, on a course at an average speed of 114.8 mph.

Boxing — In Germany's ECKHARD DADGE 28 was defeated by WBA junior middleweight title holder in a suspended 15-round decision in New Berlin (over Lucie Confish 32, who took part in his 10th championship fight).

In San Juan, ALFREDO ESCALLERA of Puerto Rico successfully defended his WBC junior light-weight title with a 11th round technical knockout of Ray Lundy III of Redwood City, Calif. Lundy failed to come out for the 11th round.

PRO FOOTBALL—In a game distinguished by record opportunities, Minnesota and Los Angeles battled to a 10-10 sudden-death tie. Third-string quarterback Pat Haden, who replaced the injured James Harris and Ron Jaworski, twice marched the Rams to the one-foot line in regulation play, but on both occasions they failed to

Rams from their 18-yard line to the Vikings. 17 to set up a 45-yard field-goal attempt for Tom Dempsey, which he hit. Also blocked: Don Fran Tarkenton late in Minnesota's first half, and a 40-yard field-goal attempt by the Vikings in 10 to play in the sudden death. Rather than wait for a field goal, he went for the touchdown on the next play but he was intercepted at the line by Linebacker Lance Alworth. Nine Rams players were named to the NFL's All-Pro Footballers: Norm Brown and Don Youngblood in 90 yards in 12 games. Quarterback Steve Grogan passed for three touchdowns and ran for another as the Patriots, who had lost to the Rams in the 1970 season, were defeated by San Francisco 19-12 on the strength of Walter Payton's 144 yards rushing and two touchdowns. Right Guard Larry Coker was named the NFL's Most Valuable Player. Coughlin chose Bert Allen winning points in Baltimore rallied to a 17-16 victory over the Redskins. The Redskins' 40-28 San Francisco game. Despite Quarterback Kim Driscoll's four touchdowns, Denver 14-10 Pittsburgh scored 17 points in the third quarter and defeated Cleveland 24-14. Houston's 24-10 victory over the Oilers was the first in the AFC. The Oilers' 24-10 victory over the Oilers was the first in the AFC. The Oilers' 24-10 victory over the Oilers was the first in the AFC.

son's 119-0 record from June 2011. With the jobs of Coach Rick Thompson and General Manager Russ Thompson reportedly on the line, Deriso scored 44 of 24 of its points in the fourth period—the winning score coming on a 5-on-3 power play. The Hawks' 119-0 record is tied for No. 1 on a field goal goal-to-beat All-Star 14-16. See *Deriso won his second game in a row, routing winless Tampa Bay 23-0* and Washington bounced back 2-1. *Deriso hit 33 of 35 shots, scored 11 goals and had 11 assists, while the Capitals scored only one goal in the first two periods.* *Deriso's 119-0 record is tied for No. 1 on a field goal goal-to-beat All-Star 14-16. See *Deriso won his second game in a row, routing winless Tampa Bay 23-0* and Washington bounced back 2-1. *Deriso hit 33 of 35 shots, scored 11 goals and had 11 assists, while the Capitals scored only one goal in the first two periods.**

GLF—**DEN CRENSHAW** rolled in a 10-foot birdie putt on the final hole to win the \$150,000 Devo Kings Island Open by one stroke over Andy North at the Jack Nicklaus Golf Center in Macon, Crenshaw, who finished with a four-under-par 66 and a 72-hole total of 274 as he won his third tournament of the year, moved into second place on the 1976 money list with \$256,321 (you can find it) behind Nicklaus.

DONNA CAPONI YOUNG headed the 2nd hole of a sudden-death playoff with Clifford Ann Cheng to win the \$45,000 Portland (Ore.) Classic. Young and Creed both finished with two-under-par 217s.

ARNES RACING—**ARMBRO REGINA**, (3:00-6:01) driven by Joe O'Brien, won the \$624,765 Colonial Turf for 4-year-olds in Liberty Bell, defeating Stanley Dancer's Zoom Navi by a length. The only filly in the field Armbro Regina crossed the mile in 2:09½. Steve Lobell, who collapsed after winning the Hambletonian three weeks ago, finished seventh.

KEY—TEAM CANADA defeated Czechoslovakia 6-0 and 5-4 in overtime to sweep the best-of-three Canada Cup final (page 48)

HORSE RACING—Carrying top weights of 130 pounds, **FORCE** (154-20) Bill Shoemaker in the irons, won the \$175,000 Woods and Handicap at Belmont Park. The 6-year-old gelding covered the mile and an eighth in 1:43.6, outstriking Danes Speed by 1 1/2 lengths. (Casey All-

OTOR SPORTS—In the first leg of the International Race of Champions—a series that pits USAC, Formula 1 and NASCAR drivers against each other in identical

Chevrolet Camaros—stock car driver BUDDY BAKER beat Andy 300 champion Johnny Rutherford over the 100-mile course at Brooklyn, N.Y. James Hunt (page 26) was knocked out of the race after a collision with Gordon Johncock.

CALE YARBOROUGH overtook Richard Petty with 20 laps remaining in the \$129,173 Delaware 500 stock car race at Dover Downs Speedway to win his second straight NASCAR event. Despite a black flag that cost him a lap, Yarbrough, the NASCAR point leader this season, averaged 115.74 mph and finished with a 7.2-second margin over Petty.

WINNIE—BRIAN GOTTFRIED and RALL RAMIREZ defeated Phil Dett and Alan Saine 6-1, 6-4, 5-7, 7-6 to win the \$100,000 U.S. professional doubles championship at Woodlands, Texas.

VIRGINIA WADE of England down match point with the last five games of the second set and went on to defeat Betty Stove of the Netherlands 5-7, 7-5, 7-5 for the \$44,000 winner's check in the National Women's Indoor Championship at Atlanta.

HALEFOOTS—NAMED As coach/manager of World Team Tennis, EARL (Buck) BLCHNDLZ, 36, a former Davis Cup player and coach of WTT's Hawaii City, Buckholz replaces Larry King.

NAMED BILL SHARMAN, who was replaced last month as head coach by Jerry West. General Manager of the Los Angeles Lakers. Sharmen succeeds Pete Newell.

RETIRED Detroit Red Wings forward **MICKY REDMOND**, 38, who twice had 50-goal seasons in the NHL. Redmond had a back operation two years ago, played briefly last season but quit when he experienced numbness in his right leg.

SIGNED: By the Los Angeles Lakers, Guard Ron Chumey, 30, to a three-year, no-cost contract. A deft one-on-one defender, the 6'3" Chumey played with the Boston Celtics for seven years and with the Spurs of St. Louis last season. He became a free agent with the merger of the ABA and NBA.

CASE STUDY

8—Drawing by Arnold Ruy 14 16—John Iacono Tony
Tomasi 17—John Iacono 23 23—Max Laidi Tony
Tolo 24—Tony Tolo 30—cousins CBS-TV 43
John O'Hanlon 45—Manny Milan 56—Doc Schwab
and 54.57—Harry Klugmaier 59—Manny Milan 64
66—Howard Bingham 76—Dick Swann—Cincinnati
Enquirer Vanguard 123 Gordon Demuth 125

FACES IN THE CROWD



TIM MITTLERAUER
CHINA-SEE

Tim, 15, won the Cincinnati Tournament of Champions at the Jack Nicklaus Golf Center in Mason, Ohio. His eight-over-par 150 was three shots better than the rest of a field of 55 private- and public-course amateur champions.



1999



MONKALOU
Singer, Actor

compared before 22,000 spectators at the Rose Bowl, Lou and Bloome won the overall title in this year's event 1976 world Finbee championship. Lou, a sophomore at the University of California, won the women's distance event with a toss of 212 feet and edged defending champion Jo Cahow by half a point overall. Bloome, a martial arts student, won the men's accuracy event, getting 16 of 20 tosses from a variety of distances through a 67-inch hoop and finished 22 points in front overall.



10



GEORGE TORREY
Baltimore, Md.

Rolland, 71, and Torrey, 75, have played golf together regularly for 15 years, usually in the early hole Worthington Country Club. Playing there on Aug. 25, Torrey, a retired municipal employee, holed out his salvation for an ace at the 145 yard 9th. After excitement over Torrey's hole in one had died down, Rolland, a retired construction worker, took out his sea-iron and put his ball into the cup, too, for his second hole in one of the summer and the third of his career.

MARY GAETA
Bryn Mawr College, PA

Mury, 24, who is five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds, is the AAU National Women's Katoist. She won gold medals for advanced form and advanced sparring at the national championships at Missouri Southern State College in Joplin.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SCOUTS' HONORS

Sir

The Sept. 13 Pro Football Issue was a treat. I enjoyed your innovative approach comparing quarterbacks, middle linebackers, offenses and defenses within each division. We all know that Minnesota, Los Angeles, Oakland, Pittsburgh, etc. are the best teams and that the Jets, San Diego and the expansionists will probably be the worst, but your unusual method showed us why.

CONALD E. PORTER
Woodbury, Conn.

Sir

I feel that your Pro Football Issue format left a lot to be desired.

EYVEST J. JAMES JR.
Los Angeles

Sir

My hat is off to Joe Marshall, who in analyzing the Eastern Division races was not intimidated by others who picked Dallas and Miami. He chose as winners two teams that could well face each other in Super Bowl XI: Baltimore and St. Louis.

TED RAUBHUT
St. Louis

Sir

Concerning Mark Oconovan's searing report on the NFC Central, the Detroit Lions are a better team than you think.

PAUL F. NORRIS
Detroit

Sir

Regarding Ron Reid's analysis, I can't believe that San Francisco and those other Southern teams have improved enough to push Atlanta out in the NFC West.

JONATHAN WITTENBERG
Augusta, Ga.

DAN'S DEEDS

Sir

Dan Jenkins suggests (*Cracking the Language Barrier*, Sept. 13) that ABC-TV should be up for a community-service award for keeping Cleveland, Detroit, Green Bay, New Orleans, Atlanta, Tampa Bay, Seattle, Chicago and the New York Giants off Monday Night Football. It seems to me that the only good games last season were played by those so-called losers (e.g., Giants 17, Bills 14).

RICHARD SNEDEKER
Mount Holly, N.J.

Sir

How could Dan Jenkins put Lou Saban on his list of "eight certified, guaranteed NFL head coaches," and leave out Chuck Knox of the Rams?

PAT WORKMAN
Sageertown, Pa.

CHEERS FOR GRANT

Sir

I beg to differ with Robert F. Jones' description of Minnesota Viking Coach Bud Grant as "the least loved, the least extolled and the most underrated" of all NFL coaches (*Getting Away from the Boo Birds*, Sept. 13). As his otherwise excellent article points out, Grant is a multi-dimensional man, intelligent and sensitive, whose roots run deep here in the upper Midwest. My feeling is that fans in this region respect him for his quiet competence and consider him one of their own. Whether or not love enters into the equation is a moot point.

As for Jones' assertion that local fans boo Grant during the playoffs—nonsense!

MARK H. REED
Minneapolis

A.D.'S DEMANDS

Sir

We in Canada are very proud of our Canadian Football League where the game is just that—a game. We do not suffer from "win at any cost" philosophies, college recruiting, endorsements, etc. Anthony Davis (*Running Through a Storm*, Aug. 30) is a good football player, but not as good as his agent thinks he is. In a recent game A.O. earned the ball eight times for 11 yards. On one, he could not even beat the Canadian defensive backs, who "play football about as well as the American play hockey." Davis may achieve the excellence of Leo Lewis, but never will be he another George Reed.

PETER DEVINE
Capreol, Ontario

Sir

Your article on Anthony Davis was misquoted. He should have read: *Just Another Spoiled Superstar*.

GEORGE HUGHES
Houston

CATCHING SOME PRAISE

Sir

Thank you for Larry Keith's excellent article on Thurman Munson (*He's a Drib Out Behind the Plate*, Sept. 13). It's about time he got credit as the best all-round catcher. Thurman typifies the kind of year the Yankees have had with his leadership and aggressive play.

PETER ZEGLA
Newtown, Pa.

Sir

I wish people would stop comparing Thurman Munson with other catchers. Munson has no peer.

ROBERT TAYLOR
Old Bridge, N.J.

WASTED PITCHES

Sir

Thanks to Kent Hannon for giving the New York Mets pitching staff the credit it so richly deserves (*The Throes of Frustration*, Sept. 13). Never before have I seen such a talented staff go to waste. When will the Mets front office wake up and realize that, despite 1969, a team cannot win a pennant on pitching alone?

NEAL BERGER
Hallandale, Fla.

Sir

I have always felt that had Tom Seaver been on a better run-producing team, he would by now have compiled one of the best won-lost records in baseball history. It is a tribute to his ability that he has accomplished so much (three Cy Young Awards, nine seasons in a row with 200 or more strikeouts, lifetime ERA under 2.50). Imagine what he might have done if he had been pitching for the Pirates or Reds all these years!

ERK BELDOCH
Oberlin, Ohio

SANE APPROACH

Sir

As a graduate of Texas Christian University (1-10 in 1975) and the University of Virginia (1-10) and as an instructor at the Air Force Academy (2-8-1), I thoroughly enjoyed and absolutely endorse John Underwood's ideas on bringing parity to college football (*Tell You What You Do*, Sept. 4). But a few additions need to be made to the plan: 1) Waive a school's "sphere of influence" (or expand it) when its team loses more than two-thirds of its games. TCU should be allowed to go to the South Sea islands to recruit, just like USC. 2) Penalize rules violators in the spring, not in the fall. Everyone is hurt when an Oklahoma is banished from TV. Why not cut a delinquent school's recruiting, both in sphere (don't let Barry Switzer out of Norman) and in numbers. Also, cancel that team's spring training. Better yet, cancel everyone's spring training. 3) Cancel all schedules after this year, and prevent teams from scheduling opponents so far in advance.

BOB CRAIG
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sir

John Underwood's *Tell You What You Do* is the best football article I've read since his *Beff of the Ball Game* (Sept. 10, 1973) about the DePaul-Wabash rivalry (I played at DePaul). The obvious string that runs through both articles is his very sane approach to college football—the way it could and should be in the so-called big time, and the way it is in the small-college game. It's refreshing to

continued

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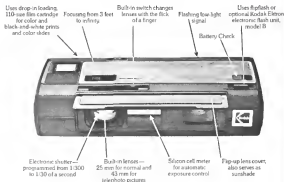
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19TH HOLE continued

read a sportswriter who has his priorities straight. Whoever Underwood's mythical coach is, I sincerely hope he continues to minimize the football world.

JOHN A. KELLOGG
Director of Admissions
Dakota Wesleyan University
Mitchell, S. Dak.

Sir:

Three cheers for John Underwood's coach. Other good ideas would be to have all bowl bids go out on the Saturday after Thanksgiving, or pain of heavy penalties, to have the Rose Bowl discontinue its ties with the Big Ten (thus allowing better matchups and games of greater national significance), and to have no playoffs as such. The controversy over who is No. 1 is good for the game.

DENNIS D. McMAHON
San Francisco

BIG, SMALL, SMALLEST

Sir:

Your college football edition (Sept. 6) wasn't as complete as I had expected. You ignored the Southland Conference, an NCAA Division I league composed of Arkansas State, Louisiana Tech, McNeese State, Southwestern Louisiana, Lamar University and Texas-Arlington. How could you overlook a conference that has turned out quality NFL players such as Bill Berrey, Terry Bradshaw, Steve Burris and Dexter Bussey?

You gave us roundups of major conferences and small colleges. Surely the Indians, Bulldogs, Cowboys, Raps, Cigars, Cardinals and Mavericks are worth mentioning too.

LARRY O. DELL
Sports Editor
Batesville Daily Guard
Batesville, Ark.

Sir:

You write about the NCAA Division III, yet you continue to ignore my alma mater, the University of Massachusetts, and the rest of the Yankee Conference teams.

PHILIP SARRA, M.D.
Brooklyn

Sir:

Since you are the authority on sports, I would assume that you know that the NCAA Division III is not the "smallest of the smalls," as you so inappropriately put it. You will find that the NAIA boasts a Division II, of which the Texas Lutheran College Bulldogs have claimed the title for the past two years—an unprecedented accomplishment in the NAIA. With an enrollment of about 1,100, TLC is the smallest four-year college in the state of Texas to field a football team.

MRS. ROY R. REICHENBACH
Seguin, Texas

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